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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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LETTERS TO ELLA: ELLASLAND: FATHER GREEN.

NUMBER THREE.

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It was quite right. Your taste was correct. The plain white muslin dress and bunch of heart's-ease on the bosom, were suitable for the occasion. There is not far from this sheet of paper a gentleman who would have been proud to see you. I am happier to hear the pleasant compliment of that old lady Friend, 'I am pleased with thee, my child,' than to have heard that Queen Victoria or the Empress Eugenie had sent you a diamond necklace. I am pleased with thee too, my child.

I recommend you to love that old lady, and if she wishes you to call her Rachel, do so without hesitation, but reverently. She has raised sons and daughters, and knows the world. Her mother, her father, brothers and sisters, and all young associates, when life was fresh, called her Rachel. There was a time when that word, timidly but devoutly whispered, brought the flush upon her cheek and the dew to her lips. It made her heart leap, and revealed her destiny. The voice which uttered that word, and had alone the power to make it prophetic, afterward uttered it often in moments of joy and in moments of trial, when that word and that tone gave to happiness its highest flavor, and imparted to grief an unction almost like a blessing. It has passed away now, but to all save her it had lost its freshness, and came sharp and querulous from a body decaying with slow diseases. To her it was ever the same; and I dare say she now thinks of it as wandering beatified through fields of heavenly beauty, replenished with immortal youth, and in gentle tones whispering the only want of which it is capable, those whispers shaping themselves into the word Rachel.

One thing it may be well to bear in mind: old ladies are apt to be very quiet and demure, but they know every thing. Young persons not unfrequently suppose that the venerable madam somewhere about the house does not see what is going on. They are mistaken. She reads them like A, B, C. She knows from a little seen — and she sees almost

out of the back of her head : she knows from that little all the rest. You would think me very simple if I were to show you the letter K in the alphabet, and then pretend that you did not know the letters before and after it. How she happens to know so much is, she has been through it all herself, and knows it as well as you know the alphabet. An impropriety she feels almost like a wound, because she knows how certainly it will produce unhappiness somewhere. Youthful pleasures, proper in themselves, and properly pursued, that is to say, pleasures so pursued as not to produce misery anywhere, awaken her whole sympathy, and renew her happiness. An old lady who has preserved her sweetness of temper, and experienced the troubles of life without being soured by them, is one of the most lovable and charming things in nature. It is sometimes supposed that the quiet religion of the Friends shows its effects visibly in the temper and preservation of their old women.

The devil, however, contrives, one way or another, to mar every thing. How is it possible to suppose that a BEING of infinite wisdom and goodness could have designed, or can now be pleased, that so beautiful an object of creation as a fine woman, still farther beautified with the noble simplicity of the Friends' faith, should be deformed and unbalanced by such an ugly contrivance as a Quaker bonnet ! Nevertheless, I hope you will accept and return the love of Friend Rachel : she is a beautiful spirit.

And so you would like to hear more about The Florentine, and about my new client, the Old Hunker. How is it that my heart should be going forth to you, and emptying itself of its experiences ? You must wait, however, until I can bring up other parts of life around us, and especially of what is going on in my thoughts. I would like to have you stand upon the soil of Ellasland and tell me your imaginations and your fancies. Here is a little sovereignty. The grass that grows is ours. The rain that falls is for our benefit. Nature is a vast laboratory, carried on for our comfort. Theoretically and legally, Ellasland extends to the centre of the earth. It runs down in the shape of an inverted pyramid, the apex of which is at the centre of the globe. From the surface, the same imaginary lines extend upward to the sky. The base of the pyramid is somewhere in the fathomless ocean of space. The birds that fly over Ellasland, and the insects that crawl beneath it, are all in our domain. It is a vagary of mine to fancy that there is spiritual health and strength in the touch and ownership of the soil. There was some old fellow in ancient mythology — Antæus perhaps — who, so many times as he fell to the earth, received instant refreshment, and rose again in full vigor. I see here so many kinds of life, and in such endless varieties, guided by an instinct which leads it to the fulfilment of our appointed destiny ! The most wonderful kind of life that I find is within myself. It appears to me to be distinct from the animal part of my life. In this shady retreat, dedicated to the affections, I find a greater consciousness of this life. It is not the thinking, intellectual life, any more than the animal life, but something apart from both, however nearly allied. When I can find it, it is like finding a friend. It is as if something genial which had belonged to me, and

been a part of me ages and ages ago, had come back to me ; as if some remote dream had fulfilled itself. Between this life and the life of birds and insects, and other reasonless things, there is a sympathy, all apart from human sympathies. Between the instinct which governs this life and the instinct which governs theirs, there is a relationship which asserts itself. This relationship appears to extend to growth of vegetation and the bloom of flowers ; so that in this little domain, amid the hum of insects, the growth of animal and vegetable life, the bloom and fragrance of flowers, and the song of birds, my other life of which I speak seems to carry on a sociable hum, to grow, to bloom, to be fraught with delicate aroma, and to pour out songs.

When in the full possession and enjoyment of this other life, I look upon the city and the round of occupations and pleasures as a great way off, and as unreal. The scream of the locomotive is an unrest ; something wandering up and down the regions of space unblessed. The human tide which flows over the pavements, and empties itself through doors and avenues, is a dreary waste of men and women. They are said to be, I think to myself, endowed with reason, but in the whole range of animal and vegetable life, I find nothing so grotesque. Here, for instance, is one of them, who robes himself in cares as with a garment. He walks eagerly back and forth ; he eats in haste ; time is short ; the hand of Destiny is upon him. He has hardly a moment for his wife or children, or for social duties. He has nothing he can possibly spare to the poor ; but always in haste, and always perturbed, and always putting away ' trifles ' for the grand and ' important ' object. This momentous individual, it turns out, achieves a house with a stone front. He works himself over into a stone front, and dies. There is another individual, a lady. They say the texture of the female brain is finer than ours. She does not direct her care to a stone front. The grand aim this year, to which all others are subsidiary, is a cape. She means to have a cape. There is a man, too, quite above stone fronts. He delves among books at candle-light ; he contrives phrases ; he goes to the public place, and appears to be fired up with a sudden heat ; he must speak his impulses ; his impulses turn out to be the phrases he has contrived. It is as if a sky-rocket should say : ' I feel a sensation ; I believe I must go up ; I don't know how it happens, but I am taken with an inclination to go up.' Beside these, are persons who cultivate the mind, and have thoughts. Their brains are forced into a morbid state, and produce secretions, such as poetry, novels, essays, mathematical problems and diagrams, and the like. These are printed and sold, a sort of vaccine matter to infect others. A great proportion, however, of those who suppose themselves to have thoughts are mistaken in the disease. Their morbid tendency is to expressions only. They have not the faculty of retention of language. On the idea that this world is a stage, and men and women the actors, it is an amusing play. The tragedy is good ; the farce is excellent. There is such an excellent variety of actors. It happens so frequently that a new line of acting is attempted, and the individual plays over a part known to be old and common, but which he flatters himself is original.

But then the enjoyment of this burlesque — for in one point of view

it seems like a grand burlesque, in which every body is doing something unreal — is qualified by the fact that I also am one of the actors, and that my part is probably as farcical as any others.

Here, for example, is Ellasland, with servants and animals and birds. I should be glad to import for it a few bobolinks and a few larks. My frogs and katy-dids I set a special value upon, and my right to them, as lawyers say, 'runs with the land.' The theory of this is, that this retinue of life on my domain is for my service. My neighbors, I believe, think quite the reverse, and that I am the servant of all these masters; that my time and intellect are devoted to their support; that they work and sing for me less than I for them.

Sometimes, when rather conscious of good fortune, I show the grounds and their belongings to a friend. He admires the beauty and excellence of arrangement, and the variety of useless existences cherished here, and is frank enough to say it illustrates the benevolence of DERRY that I should be willing to devote myself to such affairs. If such an establishment should be left vacant anywhere, he doubts whether another man could be found willing to subordinate his life to these inferior existences. This friend perhaps directs his thoughts to objects of 'real importance,' and goes in for rail-road stocks. There is to me, however, an indefinable charm in the name of the place, which, with the circumstances I have mentioned associating you with the obtaining of it, makes it seem that what I do for the place is done for you. The expense of a new decoration is thought of as the expense of a new garment or ornament for you. Outwardly I say, on such occasions: 'It is rather expensive, but it improves the looks of the place.' Inwardly there runs a collateral current of feeling, which seems to say: 'Our daughter must not be neglected. She must always be indulged in becoming attire. In what way could one's labor be so happily bestowed as in making one's first-born look more lady-like and attractive?'

During the business hours, I am conscious of another form of existence. I seem to myself, to resemble the animals you have seen pictured as pachyderms. There is a certain incrustation which jostles and rubs against other incrustations, the only perceptible effect being a flow of dollars and cents in one direction or the other. Words are used which have neither kindness nor anger. They pass out in a manufactured state from a mental machine. The heart has nothing to do but attend to the circulation of the blood. If these machines should be kept going during one's whole life, on the same plan, then one's idea of a future state must embrace a vast range for pachyderms, stocked with dollars and cents for their amusement; for if they should be set to any other other entertainment it would not be a continuance of former life, but the creation of a new one. To them, the idea of immortality implies toughness of exterior, and occupation with dollars and cents. I aim, therefore, to be pachyderm but so many hours in the day. On the approach of evening, I love to seat myself under the old elm by the spring. It helps me much if I can find some good book, with serene thoughts, whose author has given them away, as one would choose to give away his daughter, in a spotless and flowing vesture. Presently the long shadows stretch away toward the coming night, and lose

themselves imperceptibly in it. Martin Luther lifts up his orotund but monitory voice, and dogmatizes. Melancthon sends his more musical and variable utterances far out into the distance. The chirrup of crickets, and the buzz of insects go on, until I am conscious of that other life, which is neither animal nor intellectual, but in sympathy with natural objects around me. Your mother approaches noiselessly, and finding an attitude of repose, lays her hand in mine. The children, one by one, drop quietly around me into rest and silence. The old dog lays his head upon my feet. Then comes to my spirit a low, gentle sound, as of the cooing of doves, and little Leonora, who staid with us only long enough to leave the memory of a few winning words and a few smiles, seems nestling again in my bosom. I feel warmed and enlarged with an unseen, maidenly presence, as of the angels, and the circle is finished. Ella is here. There is no more any absence or want, but fulness and rest. Yonder star, floating dimly upon its appointed circuit, is not more complete. The spirit listens to harmonies, and is moved on by a guidance unknown to the external world. It ranges away to the infinite.

This idea of the infinite brings me naturally to a subject that will interest you. We are having great times here in religious matters. Father Green has dandled you many a time on his knee, and I know you love him, but I doubt if you know why. That is the case with all of us: it is a habit we have fallen into. We have sought his presence, and rested in it, as we would in the shade of some broad-branching, patriarchal tree. No one has thought to inquire who planted the tree, how long it has been growing, nor whether there was danger that lightning would strike it. The thought has at length sprung up that we may have been reposing in a false security. He has married, and baptized and buried among us, I do not know how long. He married me. I looked forward to the probability of his marrying you. A wedding or a funeral anywhere in our connection, in which he was not the officiating person, would be a strange affair, and seem as if something had been left undone. All this you know; but you do not know how many quarrels he has settled, how many young men he has contrived to win back from bad habits, how many young women he has managed to save from dangerous marriages. His broad shoulders; spare and athletic frame; his quiet eye, full of genial humor, but capable of kindling to a sudden blaze; his distinct and thorough fearlessness and individuality, present a combination, which now I have come to reflect upon it, excites my wonder. It seems to me, and I confess the feeling is recent, but it seems to me grand and almost fearful. It is altogether, to my notion, the sort of stature and temperament which might have combined the movements of empire; it might have wielded an army with the light of battle in its eyes, or it might have roused and led a senate. Are you startled and alarmed, my dear daughter, at this formidable portrait of our dear and genial old friend, Father Green? Think of him a few moments, in this possible view of his qualities, and say if it then appear to you not correct. Think if you can remember whether his uniform modesty, the total absence of any thing like assumption or self-importance, ever misled a person to think cheaply of



him. On the contrary, allowing your mind to dwell on that feature of his character, does it not seem to be full-orbed, and rise like a great, mild, beautiful moon in a clear sky? Can you remember at any time, yourself, when beset with childish troubles, you saw his approach, that you did not feel the clouds dispersed? I can recall no occasion of sorrow, when to be with him was not like rising into a higher atmosphere; like going, for example, from the impure gases, and heat, and smoke, of the lower city, up to the clear summit of ELLASLAND. Do you remember any instance of childish frolic, or any social festivity of young or old persons, when the broad sympathies and genial humor of Father Green were not, if present, an additional relish and flavor? But I have seen him in sterner moods, when, if he had commanded me to thrust my hand into the fire, I believe I should have done it; or, I believe, rather, it would have required uncommon presence of mind to disobey him. It has happened, two or three times, within my knowledge, that in an emergency, his character would shoot up and expand, in a gigantic fashion, that overawed and suppressed outrage. The idea has recently been gaining ground, that we have been submissive, and that he has controlled us, and has in various ways made free with us. Since this view of the matter has been started, it is easy to recall instances of very peculiar conduct, and the whole subject has burst upon me with a great surprise, that such a character should have been happy and contented with the quiet life of a clergyman.

On a dark night, some years ago, he drove off my best cow. In lieu of my cow, I found in the morning, a note, saying he had driven her over to a widow, by the name of —, who had recently been left with a family of children, and had no other reliance for support; that if I wanted the cow back I might go and get her. It was so managed, that she never knew where the cow came from, nor whom to thank. There she stood in the morning, with the label on her horns: 'The cow is yours.'

His congregation have given him a salary ample for his support, but he has so managed that most of his living has been had from them, outside of his salary. These matters, long unthought of, are now being overhauled. The manner of it was this:

It happened that a young gentleman, perhaps it might be said a young swell, fell in love with a rather pretty young woman, who was a teacher of small children. His parents were wealthy and proud. Her parents were dead, or she had emigrated, for she was without connections; and beside, teachers were not then held in much esteem. His parents, therefore, opposed the match. He married her, nevertheless, and it resulted in a family quarrel. The father soon died intestate, and Elwood's share of the estate was enough to make him independent. His name is Elwood Nathans. If he had had some taste for literature, art, the natural sciences, or even for mechanical invention, his wealth would have enabled him to prosecute a useful career; but, like most sons of wealthy families, he had simply social habits, propensity to idleness, and a vague sense of its being necessary to manhood that he should plunge into business. He had heard, often enough, the maxims which guide a poor man to wealth; but never the lessons how



a wealthy man should make himself happy, and in an appropriate manner enjoy his fortune. He needed sympathy, and went into business to gain it. He had not strength of mind to see for himself, what no one had seen for him, and what few in his circumstances do see, that the pursuit of money-making, for a man already wealthy, is sordid, and no virtue at all. As might have been predicted, he soon lost his fortune, which went away with a crash and a swoop; and the excitement wore upon him until it prostrated him with a fever. In this condition his house took fire one night, and the flames spread so rapidly, that his life was saved only by the frantic exertions of his wife, which injured her spine, and left her a cripple. Poverty and misfortune stared him in the face on all sides. His hopes and his spirit were broken. In this state of affairs Father Green contrived to pay them most of his salary under the pretence of boarding with them. He has a room, I believe, in their house, where he keeps his books, and to which he resorts, when he pleases, but he is very much elsewhere. Nathans, however, is very agreeable. He, and Father Green, and the poor cripple, have a garden, and when the old man is there, they chirp and chatter, and seem to enjoy themselves. Nathans has a pleasant task, and like a great many unsuccessful men, is good everywhere, except at business. His Emily, once pretty enough to win compliments, is now the bent and feeble person whom you know. Seclusion and loss of personal attractions have led to extremely delicate and morbid susceptibilities, which find their gratification in the cultivation of plants and flowers. From the earliest violet to the latest chrysanthemum, she feels that not one of those would turn away from her to salute the greatest beauty in the land. You remember the beautiful bouquets, which are known at once, as coming from their garden. In this occupation Nathans is quite himself. He figures at horticultural societies. He is a welcome guest at weddings and dinner-parties. But did it ever occur to you that our church was really supporting him? I dare say not. Yet this is now charged to the account of Father Green, and there is no doubt about the facts. Some quite unusual circumstances, and rather uncanonical proceedings on his part, have given emphasis to the contagion of discontent, and how it may result, I can not predict. But if my paper was not full, I would relate some singular incidents in connection with this matter, such as, if written in a novel, would not be believed. Perhaps I will do so in my next letter. Meanwhile my darling, rest in the consciousness of being loved, more deeply, more tenderly, more steadfastly, than human language can express.

---

T O M Y M O T H E R .

'T is over now! I dreamt of fame for *thee*.  
 Now that it ever flies me, sink, my heart;  
 I cov'ed all the priceless gems of sea,  
 All the broad good of earth, the pride of art.  
 I dreamt power in my hand was good in thine:  
 I lay a withered wreath upon thy shrine.

'T is over now! All the bright hopes of youth,  
 All my fierce longings for bright glory, fled!  
 All my wild dreams of joy and love and truth  
 Are vanished all—are fled among the dead.  
 All, all has vanished!—even to a name:  
 'T is over now, my childhood's dream of fame.

BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

## A U T U M N   D A Y S .

Ye Autumne's  
dalliance with  
ye Summer.

BLITHE young Autumn with the Summer dallies,  
Wooing her to linger yet awhile;  
Rambling with her down the pleasant valleys,  
Hand in hand, through wood and over stile.

Ye morning  
houre and ye  
noon-tyde.

At the day-dawn she is coy and wary,  
For September's morning-breath is chill;  
But his noons, of sun-beams rarely chary,  
Win her for his fair companion still.

Ye even-tyde.

When night-mists arise, away she hieth,  
Leaves her lover lonely on the hill;  
To his murmured words no more replieth,  
Hideth in the copse with whip-poor-will.

Ye Summer  
lyngereth.

She will come again: a few fleet morrows  
Greet her winsome footsteps o'er the plain;  
Many-hued October gladly borrows  
Her sweet guise, while garnering his grain.

Oure hille at  
ye sun-settyng.

To our pine-clad hill, the sun-set golden  
Smiles the farewell of another day;  
Gleaneth on the cottage, quaint and olden,  
Nestling yonder by the beaten way.

Ye village at  
evenyng.

Farther off, the village windows glisten  
In the mellow, slowly-fading ray;  
Down the slopes the cattle come and listen,  
Shouts the in-bound fisher from the bay.

Oure olde  
porche at ye  
twilghte.

Under our old porch, with song and story,  
We will wing eve's happy hours along,  
While above us, in their pure, far glory,  
Walk their radiant round the starry throng.

Ye aunciente  
elme tree,  
haunted by a  
faye.

Then to slumber while the huge elm chaunteth  
Soothingly, close to our window-pane;  
Its broad shade a kindly fairy haunteth:  
They sleep soundly who have near it lain.

We lynger  
while ye Sum-  
mer dothe.

Thus while Autumn with the Summer dallies,  
Wooing her to linger yet awhile,  
We will wander still about the valleys,  
O'er the hills, and rest us at the stile.

Ye later Au-  
tomme dayes.

When the trees are stripped, the wood-paths lonely,  
And the turf is bare and brown and dry,  
Birds all fitt'd, save wild rovers only,  
Hardy crow, or partridge plump and shy;

Ye love-chase  
of ye two sea-  
sons.

Still hale Autumn banished Summer follows,  
Tracking southward then her dainty feet;  
Sports with her in sun-kissed nooks and hollows,  
Threads the forest-glades her face to greet.

To Winter-  
changes.

Winter soon will shroud these pleasant valleys,  
Weave his snow-wreaths o'er our favorite hill;  
When from icy cave he sternly sallies,  
What will lend his frozen heart a thrill?

Memories and  
blessings manifold.

Cherished memories of the Summer weather,  
Blessings manifold that with us stay;  
God's great love that leaves us still together,  
These can brighten Winter's dreariest day.

*Savin-Hill, September, 1855.*

W. W. M.

## K I S S I N G B E T T Y S C U D D E R .

A SKETCH OF CORAM, LONG-ISLAND.

SOME TIME when Lord Cornbury was Governor of the province of New-York, and Nathaniel Platt was town-clerk at Coram, on the Island of Nassau, or Long-Island, in the said province, a notable case came up before the justice who at that time kept the peace at Coram. The details of this are partly collected from town-records, part from the antiquarian researches of the historian of Long-Island, and from the quaint and singular discourses which Judge Benson delivered, to their great edification, before that learned body, the New-York Historical Society, which they prized most highly from his venerable age. Partly I got them from insular tradition, (if I may speak so,) and the rest from that tricky and communicative crew of spirits who at this day turn the tables upon the people, and rap alphabetically as with a mallet upon the round earth. They told me all about Becky Scudder, as she then was, and of Becky Scudder as she now is, in her angelic mould, and they recommended me to print the narrative in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine. I told them to go directly to Mr. Clark. 'Will the spirits,' said I, 'communicate with Mr. Clark?' 'NO!' they replied with a triple rap of the most emphatic kind.

Coram was a place where the devil played his pranks occasionally in old times. From there to Quog and Squam Beach, on the one side, to Devil's Tavern and Devil's Stepping-Stones on the other, (which Judge Benson speaks of,) and all around Speonk and Skunk's Manor, he used to 'step it about pretty lively.' There were some witches, and the spirit of a drunken Indian fiddler, who used to float in a skiff or canoe on moon-light nights around Mosquito Cove, and adjacent parts, where he thrummed away upon the strings till he got all the porpoises in a state of excitement, and set them a leaping over each other's backs, and thrashing the water with their tails, and pumping up the brine through holes in their snouts, (which the devil bored with a gimblet,) like so many whales. From there to the light-house on Eaton's Neck, he played 'Barbara Allen' on one string, till the people were sick of it.

I shall have more to say about him on another occasion, in my work, '*De Antiq. Passovic, et de quibusdam aliis rebus.*'

One thing, however, which the Indian did, I will mention in passing, although it has no connection with my present narrative; but the opportunity may never occur (if I do not write my work) to allude to it again. One night, while he was playing on his violin, the notion seized him to coax all the porpoises in the Sound through a narrow inlet, called 'the Gut' into Huntington Harbor. He did so. When the day dawned, the tide being at the full, the porpoises were seen throwing up their backs and cutting all kinds of antics. A very singular notion seized the mind of one William Gardiner, who at that early hour was counting his chickens, that he would turn those porpoises into oil. He would call all hands together, arm them with spears and harpoons, blockade with boats the narrow inlet which is called 'the Gut,' then when the tide sank low, and the porpoises retreated to the Sound, they would find the way barricaded, and every one of them would die with a harpoon in his back.

He did so. The boats were anchored in their place; the tide retreated; the porpoises were in shoal-water; they approached the place with their noses set; they veered about and retreated. The men stood with weapons in their hands. A second time the porpoises arrived in a fishy column, steadily, and with great fury, but when they came to the boats, they curved their backs, they whisked their tails, and leaping high in air, one after another, in spite of all opposition, with a fearful rush over the boats, which compelled the men to fall upon their stomachs, attained the open Sound.

But notwithstanding occasional sport such as the above, they used to have a pretty quiet time of it on Long-Island. Nothing was to be heard there but the surf, as the sound of it came booming from the narrow beaches over the Big Plains, as far as Back-Bone, where the echoes were thrown back. On Sabbath, the people went to meeting-house to the sound of a drum, for which, by a town-vote, they gave the drummer so many shillings a year, the value to be paid in samp or Indian-corn, and he drummed them all into church, where one Jonathan Edwards, I think his name was, or some one else of less greatness, preached vast and dismal sermons, two hours and a half in length, by the hour-glass. There were some offenders against the laws of society, it is true, and now and then they used to whip a negro or an Indian, laying the lashes upon his bare back until he cried like a loon. And people may say what they like about it in these piping times of new dispensations. Prisons are very good in their way, and gallows are good in their way; for some must be put in limbo, and others must be hanged; but for petty and for paltry tricks, such as chicken-stealing and the like, which are apt to come off scot-free, there is nothing so salutary as a good sound licking.

There was a stool of repentance in the churches on Long-Island, on which offenders, like Captain Underhill, the valiant warrior against the Indians, used to sit occasionally for his peccadillos about the fair sex, whereon he did so bewail his sins that his voice could not be heard for 'y° blubbling.' But the justices, deacons, and elect-men, by their

joint and pious endeavors, kept the devil pretty well at bay, only he would now and then show his foot, as at the 'Stepping-Stones,' aforementioned.

The case to which I allude, and which the court had before it, was a mild form of assault and battery, resulting in little damage. To this day an occasional offender is brought to trial for a similar transgression, to teach 'fast' young men to reflect a little before they venture upon a 'smack.' The law sometimes thrusts its arm pretty deep into the pockets of the culprit, and in old times his capital was endangered by an investment in *the stocks*. 'Kissing goes by favor,' which is right.

During the harvest-time at Coram, the boys and girls were binding wheat-sheaves in the field together. The latent jollity which there is in people will show itself, however restricted by the encampment of rules, or by an established severity of manners. Codes are artificial, but mirth is natural; and although the social life of the colonies was pretty grim and pretty grum, and what with the absence of luxury, the imminence of danger, the pressure of toil, the prohibition of sports, or the inability to engage in them, life assumed a stern and serious aspect, there was still a time when the profane fiddle would squeak out. There was some fatness in the lean land, and now and then at least an oily negro would 'yaw-haw!' over a basket of chips. On Long-Island, where there is a good deal of level plain, and muck, and sand, and barren sea-beach, and the inhabitants are disposed to be moody, they would sometimes shake with laughter, as well as with ague. There was some fun at Coram, and some relaxation at Buckram.

The boys and girls were binding wheat-sheaves, and the work went on merrily, and there was much song and laughter, and the minister looked with a pleased face over the rails; for many matches were the result of these festivals. In a corner of the field, at the base of a yellow stack, there was deposited a corpulent little jug with a short neck, and I am grieved to say that it contained rum. I think that it is very probable that the circulation of that fluid, imbibed as it was without any suspicion in those innocent days, caused a lightness in the head, and an activity of the animal spirits, which in old Puritan times was thought nothing of, but which is now considered as derogatory to character.

*'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.'*

Well, the boys and girls were binding wheat-sheaves in the field at Coram. It was near sun-down; the crop was mostly harvested; but although they had toiled diligently all day, their spirits did not flag. If the whole island had been a wheat-field, they could have garnered it in company no doubt. Cheerful labor does not result in painful weariness. Hitherto they had transgressed no rule of propriety, till all of a sudden, Bill Barkaloo, who was working at the same sheaf with Betty Scudder, threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her lips with a resounding smack. It was the height of audacity, and although the blood mounted to her eyes in anger, and she slapped his cheeks until his ears rang, he ran away and threw himself upon the ground, and rolled and roared with laughter.

Bill Barkaloo was about twenty years old, old enough to know better. He was a fellow with a big, bushy head of red hair, red face, covered with freckles, with a hand as hard as iron, and a grasp like the grip of a vice, and a voice like the roaring of many waters. He made a great noise as he drove his team, standing up in his checked shirt, and singing and hallooing to his cattle. He had an honest heart, but a reputation for wildness. His progress in the catechism had been hitherto small, and he had more than once been reprov'd in meeting. He used to hang his bushy head over the gallery on Sabbath till his face became as ruddy as a piece of raw beef, and then rolling his quid in his cheek, ogling and staring about him, find what amusement he could, and exhibit a lack of attention to the preached word, to the no small disturbance of the speaker. Sometimes he would fall fast asleep, and snore so rancously as to be heard over the whole building, or he would set the negroes who congregated in the loft a-tittering, and otherwise mar the solemnity of the day. He was moreover fond of horses, (which fact alone, if there were no others against him, would have been sufficient to stamp him in the eyes of truly religious people.) He knew the points of a horse; he trotted and cantered, and swore often in doing the same. Nevertheless, at the very depth of his character, there was a seriousness which no body had as yet fished up, because those who looked into him were more superficial than they thought that he was. He admired Betty Scudder, (and not he only,) for she was the gem of Coram, the pride of the Big Plains, and the flower of Long-Island; and he could have swam through the surf, clambered to the top of the Back-Bone, or crossed over the 'Devil's Stepping-Stones' to win her. He would have fought single-handed against all the Montauks to save her. When Betty milked the cow, he would sometimes watch his chance, and if the coast was clear, and no one stirred about the homestead, he would scale the fence, and kneeling down, assist her at the fragrant udders, although she protested that she did not want his help; and as the alternate snowy streams descended into the milk-pail, he would attune his coarse pipes to what love-ditties he could; then as the evening-star shone bright, he would retire to his own inclosure to tend his colt, or to unyoke his oxen. It was a pity that his reputation was not better, and that he had no standing in the church; that they looked upon him as an almost irredeemable sinner.

On one occasion, he had pinched the arm of Betty at singing-school, but the reproof had been so severe, that he placed himself for a long time on his good behavior. The temptation in the wheat-field was too much for Bill Barkaloo's philosophy. Betty was exceedingly toothsome. She had a form which was exquisite in its proportions. Her height was not one tithe of an inch amiss. The belt around her waist was as sweetly fitted as the girdle of Venus. Her head was poised upon a neck as graceful as the wild white swan's; her arms (which he had pinched) were most deliciously plump, with dimples at the elbows; her cheeks as red as roses; and her lips as tempting as cherries. Her eyes also, in color betwixt jet-black and chestnut, when she let down their long lashes, in hue so softened, but when in anger she uplifted the lashes, resplendent in their fire, were enough to put the amorous soul in



a blaze. What wonder then, that when at arms'-length from her, in the full flush of the spirits which the harvest brings, he threw his arms around her neck, and fondly kissed her. It was a crime which admitted of no atonement except by committing it again, which brought after it no repentant tears or remorse of conscience; for he went away, and his ears tingled with the delicious electricity from Betty's fingers.

Betty went home and told her mother, and her mother told the old man, who was smoking his pipe on the door-sill. He mumbled and groaned, but did not take it much to heart. Bill Barkaloo would, at some day or other, come into possession of a good farm, and that alone would atone for a multitude of sins. Nevertheless, this improper act was talked of, and produced a deal of scandal. The young people at their little gatherings would cry out: '*Who* kissed Betty Scudder?' putting an arch and emphatic emphasis upon the first word, which was provocative of mirth. At last, the matter became so aggravated, that it was deemed advisable to bring up the culprit, and at least to try him for misdemeanor.

The gay blade of Coram was summoned to answer to the charge, as well as those who could testify to the kissing of Betty Scudder. The investigation excited a deal of interest, from the place where it happened, through all the intervening villages to Montauk Point. Old maids and old wives discussed it with eager interest, while in the mouths of young Coram, and of young Buckram, of young Skunk's Manor, and of young Mosquito Cove, the words became a proverb, which were handed down through several generations, with their accompanying cadence: '*Who* kissed Betty Scudder?'

Young Barkaloo came to the trial in a brave suit of clothes, and with a showy team of horses, accompanied by all the gallantry of Coram. His hair looked redder and his freckles more numerous than ever, while his merry laugh was heard on the way, as if to defy the consequences of his misdemeanor. What had he done? Merely stolen a kiss in open day from one of the fairest of Eve's daughters, which he was willing to replace with another. Did Betty condemn him? If she did at first, there was reason to think, that upon reflection, she admired his dashing boldness; that she was stung with compunction for boxing his ears; and that with a woman's tenderness she now sympathized with him in his 'peck of troubles.' I have somewhere read that one day, as a young man was twisting up a wheat-sheaf in the field, he bound up a viper or a rattlesnake, which made an effort to strike him. We shall see whether this sheaf contained a rattlesnake or flowers! The following extract is from the town-records of Coram, copied *verbatim et literatim*:

'15 October 1701. William Barkaloo for kissing Betty Scudder. Fady Polhemus testified that he was in y<sup>e</sup> wheat-field of Mr. Ludlum, and that he saw him put his arms round her neck, but that he did not see him kiss her. Cannot say that he heard him say that he meant to do it. Knows the defendant very well, but never played cards with him. Bought a cow of him before last fast-day, for which paid him; have also traded with him Considerabel, all right. Did not hear him



smack her, but thinks he might have heard him if he had done so. Knows nothing more about it.

‘SOOKEY CARL examined.

‘JUSTICE PROBASCO : State what you know.

‘SOOKEY : I know William ; see him a-running, but could not say what it was about. Did not see her box his ears, but heard others say she done so. Know nothing about his milking the cow with Betty. Believe his character is good. Left the field before sun-down. Did not hear Othniel Everett say that the matter would come into court.

‘PETER NOSTRAND examined.

‘JUSTICE PROBASCO : State what you know.

‘PETER NOSTRAND : Was in y<sup>e</sup> field, but at the furdur end. Did not notice that y<sup>e</sup> defendant kept near Betty. If he had a done so, thinks he should have seen him, but Cant say, as he was too far off. Saw him running, but Cant say what it was for. If he kissed her, would like to been in his place. That’s all, may it Pleas the Court. (*Laughter.*)

‘JUSTICE : Silence ! This proceeding is shameful.

‘ANDRES KASHAW examined : See him do it ; was within three feet of hym. He done it all to oncet. Believe that Betty could not have Helpt Itt. Do not blame her for striking Him. Thinks she served hym right. Never have made any offer of marriage to Betty Scudder. Conduct always proper to her. Have no ill will against William Barkaloo.

‘Several other examinations made. Fined 15s., and bound over to keep the peace.’

Thus much I have been permitted to copy from the records of Coram, and for the rest of this adventure in smacking, am indebted to Judge Benson, the historian of Long-Island, and the author of ‘Ante-Revolutionary and Revolutionary Incidents,’ who has paid much attention to such things.

When Bill Barkaloo was fined fifteen shillings, he roared out with laughter, and in fact he had been giggling and laughing ever since he came into court. He thrust his hand in his pocket and paid the fine in pieces of eight, out of a good store of cash which he had in hand. He also told the Justice to do his worst ; that he was an old fool ; and that as long as the girls liked him, he could afford to pay ; that he would do the same thing over again before the sun went down, and he defied all the select-men of Coram ; that he was of age that day, and that the Bible would prove it. He drove forthwith to Betty Scudder’s, where he found the old man picking chips, and the old woman straining milk in the dairy, and Betty in tears because Bill had been brought into court, and he proposed to marry her. Nor do the records of the island, nor the historian, nor Judge Benson himself declare that she refused the suit. On the contrary, she said that she would think of it ; and she *did* think of it, and she turned it over and over in her mind ; and when it was viewed in all its aspects, and when that fine farm on the Hampstead Plains was taken duly into account, neither did old Mr. Scudder or young Mrs. Scudder venture to raise any objection. On the contrary,

they thought that the wild oats of William had been already sown, and those whom God had joined together, let no man put asunder. Consequently, when the New-Year came around with its happy congratulations, and the new cider was clarified, and Coram for once in a twelve-month put on a glad aspect, and the select-men relaxed their frowns, and the minister smiled, the minister was invited to the comfortable homestead, and there, (amid the same happy company which bound the sheaves of wheat in the late golden, glorious harvest,) when he had made a prayer, which showed how all things worked together for the good of those who loved the LORD; when he had pictured gleaning Ruth, and spoke of William Barkaloo and Boaz, he joined the pair in mutual bonds, and gave his benediction. The fête was happy, and many on 'Long-Island's sea-girt shore' will to this day attest that no harm was done in kissing Betty Scudder.

F. W. S.

## MOSS ROSE-BUDS.\*

I WALK as in a dream:  
 Around me and about me  
 The things of this life seem  
 A vision's bright creation.  
 Within me and without me  
 There breathes a quiet tune,  
 Like zephyrs born of June,  
 That murmur in a garden 'neath the moon.

To hear thy young heart beat,  
 And feel thine arms about me,  
 Seems fancy's fevered heat,  
 Or some wild fascination;  
 Not that I mean to doubt thee,  
 But oh! my soul had yearned,  
 So long, so long had burned,  
 That hope to black despair was almost turned.

Thy gift is precious, girl:  
 I prize it highly, trust me;  
 Had it been gold or pearl,  
 Nor bought the boon it bore me,  
 It had been worthless, justly.  
 For me these buds are fraught  
 With bliss too great for thought,  
 A joy before whose height all else is naught.

Thy lips have touched mine own,  
 Thy heart has trembled near me;  
 Thine eyes thy love have shown,  
 Peace cast her mantle o'er thee!  
 I love thee, MARY, dearly;  
 These buds are trebly sweet;  
 Through them our spirits meet:  
 Behold me! I am kneeling at thy feet.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1855.

\* 'CONFESSION of love.' — LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE meteor flag of England,  
The tri-color of France,  
Stream bravely to the tempest,  
O'er ocean's gray expanse;  
And 'mid the battle's thunder,  
And o'er the smoke of fight,  
Have kept their country's honor  
Nailed to the top-mast height;  
But the bold, brave flag of freedom  
As peerless floats as they,  
Nor veils to them its stars and stripes,  
In the bloody battle-day.

It waves o'er many a fortress  
Along the Atlantic shore;  
Where breaks the surf o'er rocks of Maine;  
Where Mexic billows roar;  
It floats from many a rampart,  
Far up Missouri's tide;  
O'er many a block-house fort that guards  
Arkansas' turbid tide;  
And many a grim Osage that hunts  
Across the far frontier,  
Hath learned that banner to respect,  
That noble flag to fear.

And far o'er Michigan's wild shore,  
And Huron's yellow strand,  
Where spreads the trackless wilderness,  
Deep forests, wildly grand;  
O'er many a white stockade it floats,  
O'er many a guarded wall,  
Holding the savage Ottoways  
And Chippewas in thrall:  
And far in utmost Oregon,  
By broad Columbia's stream,  
With beat of drum at morn and eve  
Those starry emblems gleam.

Long may it float unsullied,  
Long fan our fathers' grave,  
The war-worn Continentals,  
The bravest of the brave.  
At Yorktown was it steeped in gore,  
At Monmouth's deadly fight;  
And scorched with flame and torn with steel  
On Bunker's smoky height.  
And while a freeman's arm may strike,  
Or freeman's heart may beat,  
Ne'er will that valiant banner  
Be humbled in defeat.

## THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRÜGER.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

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A STONE-CUTTER stands in his yard, on the last day of spring, and looks thoughtfully at the granite blocks scattered around him. He has his tools in his hands, and his attitude is that of one who is going forth, rather than of one who has come in, to labors. And this is true of him ; he is going forth.

He is going from his accustomed place of business, in the village, up to the mountain-quarry, full ten miles away. To the quarry where he worked when he was young. Until quite recently he has been able to regard this stone-yard, in the village, as the reward of his industry ; and, accordingly, has taken no little pride in it ; such reasonable pride as a good man may indulge over the evidences of his honest toil. Frequently, since he entered into partnership with Proprietor Adams, Krüger has been up to the quarry, but he goes now as he never went before, leaving his heart behind him.

Krüger's youth was spent up there. In those days it was a rare thing for him to make a pilgrimage to any of the hamlets scattered through the valley. Nature had more to do with his development than human society. Among his fellow-workmen he was early distinguished for his prudence and skill, his sobriety and diligence. He assumed nothing among them, but his personal dignity was so great that even old men deferred to him, and felt his influence. His character was strong in moral integrity, his countenance the index of that character. It had a purity and a repose, that of itself was a restraint, agreeable and wholesome upon his fellows.

Benjamin Krüger's father had been a quarry-man, and as no accidental circumstance had breathed the spirit of adventure into the son, he had gone on from year to year, occupied in the same labors, only enlarging his sphere as opportunity led and compelled. He was not driven by any internal influence to find companionship in the heart of nature, or among the riotous crowds of men. Nor was imagination ever quickened by a sense of want, to find responses of himself in any direction. He had not the spirit of the young brave who waits watching in solitude and darkness for the honor of knighthood ; his sole battle-field was that on which spirits are marshaled ; his contest, that of which the SAVIOUR is the Judge.

But his spirit was greatly acted upon by the influences surrounding him. They were in harmony with the life that was in him. That spark, kindled into pure and steady flame, in its nature could never occasion conflagration. He was open to the sweetest and best influences of the wild mountain-country ; needed not that any should call his observation to the clouds that circled round the heights that lifted far above him ; to the dazzling effulgence of the seventh heaven ; to the

branches of the pines as they stood in fair relief against the azure sky on some great tower of granite ; to the mosses which overspread the rocks, or the delicate flowers, that sprung out on their thread-like stems from a sterile bed, or to the softness of a summer day, or to the sunrise or the moonlight ; he saw all these, sang at his labor, and was happy.

When, having won the confidence of the owner of the quarry, by his constant well-doing, Kruger accepted his offer, and invested his earnings with the funds of Adams, in opening the yard in the village, and removed from the quarry to the region below, not a man of his companions but rejoiced in and was proud of his prosperity ; the raggedest among them felt that some honor reflected upon himself in the advancement of his fellow, though he should never take the first step to prove himself the holder of a like aspiration and intent ; not one of them but wished Benjamin all future good-luck.

In the village Kruger's relations to life of course differed from those sustained by him in the mountain. He had not only the opportunity, but also the necessity of making new observations of life, and some changes in himself soon became manifest. He was sought by the young people of his own rank, and did not retire before the seeking. Thus he came into contact with those who were occupied by thoughts and things to which he was a stranger, and with his limited experience it must needs be a long time before he understood perfectly either himself or them. Before this time came, he married. Many people do the like. Do n't blame him. The girl of his choice was a gay, sprightly creature. She had seen more of the world than Benjamin, and yet but very little. She had been a belle among the rustic beauties. Kruger loved her at first sight ; she broke upon his vision a miracle of beauty.

It might have been the new face, or the manly beauty of the stoneyard man, or the reputed fortunes of Kruger, or his good looks, or all these things together, that made the impression on the heart of Fleance Brook. Most likely these influences acted in unison, for so they generally do.

In good time this young man and woman wedded, but it did not prove a very happy marriage. Fleance was not the person Kruger would have chosen or desired for a wife, had he known the world better ; and Fleance, for her part frivolous and gay and ignorant, would as soon have thought of marrying the Czar himself, as Benjamin, had she known what he was.

When experience proved to Kruger, that there was a cause for the differences daily rising between him and Fleance, lying deeper than education or circumstance had fathomed, he was, more than ever, master of himself, and his integrity remained uncompromised. This is the same as saying that he was by no means an ordinary person. His disappointment was too deep to find relief in querulous utterances, or by taking the village into his confidence. No gossip was refreshed at his fireside, or gathered refuse there, to distribute again to those that languished for such unwholesome food. Nor did he ever seek redress for his mistake, by visiting with any sort of vengeance the unfortunate occasion of it. He was too generous for that. He labored rather for the reclamation of his wife's thoughts and aims from their frivolity ;

to enter as he might into her enjoyments; to please her as he might. But they never were companions, as either he or she in days of courtship had anticipated. And all Krüger's efforts in his wife's behalf found their best result in his own soul. *It could* not be a vain work, since all endeavor must have a consequent.

It was to their child that the father learned to look with hoping eyes for the fulfilment of the longing, that from the day his eyes were opened, took possession of his soul. Fleance the daughter was the heir of her parents' best estate. She had her father's refined and beautiful mental organization, his sterling virtue of character, and her mother's vivacity of temperament, and grace of physical structure.

She was like every thing that had any loveliness to Krüger's eyes. Like the pure and fragile mountain-flowers — as free, pure, meek, innocent. She was like the stars he used to watch in the summer evenings of his youth, when he sat resting in his cabin-door, up in the mountain-land; the stars, who were called by the old Hebrew poets 'Daughters of God,' and 'Angels!' She was like the laughing brooks that danced whither they would, and always might be trusted that they would discover for themselves the best way. Her voice, so soft yet strong, so loving, brave, and so melodious, reminded him of the clearest and the softest notes of the horns of hunters, when they rode among the hills and told upon the bugles the tidings of success.

In the hour of her birth Krüger consecrated himself once again to God, by vows, the like of which he had not before uttered, and he implored divine wisdom for the guidance of his child. From the hour of her birth, she was the burden of his thoughts. He carried her, thus, about with him, wherever he went, as her mother carried the child on her bosom; he was as faithful cherishing the thought as she the form; as solicitous in guarding it from harm. He was not demonstrative of his paternal pride; he had even no birth-day festivities for her; but he watched the development of his daughter with eyes that saw no fairer, purer, or more precious thing on earth.

Thought of her sent him deeper and deeper into himself; made him a searcher for all knowledge hidden there that could concern her. He would learn of no less loving oracle, all that he might do for her sake. More and more exacting he became of his energies and impulses and thoughts. His love exacted of him self-denial in which an anchorite might have gloried. His sense of obligation to this life, his sense of responsibility to this being he had called into the world, deepened with each passing day. Time and eternity, with their dangers, trials, glories, impressed him as they might not otherwise have done, and demanded of him, in her behalf, that which he was ready to yield, incessant watching, care, and toil.

The responsibility, in the first weeks of the child's life, took the form of a moral obligation to his consciousness, and he said to himself, She shall never out-grow the instinct of these days; this instinct of loving dependence shall endure. But, as weeks and months passed on, and his mind, under the new influences, expanded, Krüger began to take a more serious thought of his worldly fortunes than he had yet taken. He became — and his wife hailed with joy the symptoms which she could not understand — he became ambitious.

Small though the village was, in it were to be found many of the varieties and grades of social life. When Kruger began to look for diversities of rank, circumstances, and capacity, he beheld the phenomena. And as his daughter grew out of babyhood into speech, and winning ways, and gracefulness, he began to consider these manifestations with all a parent's seriousness.

When Kruger began to talk about these things, to manifest some curiosity in regard to the methods by which the best people in the village had attained their elevation, his wife in secret did rejoice. Now there was a bond of sympathy between them; and, perhaps with some exaggeration, as she gave him a town history, she dwelt upon the fact that among the notable families, the chief among them all, the wealthiest, had 'risen from nothing.'

'Do not all men rise from nothing?' asked Kruger, with a solemn smile.

But the words of Fleance had made an impression. There was a duty which he owed to his child, and he returned to his labors with renewed energy, and a steadfastness of purpose that robbed life of some of its freshness, and brought about a struggle in the once serene dominion of his soul. For these were cares from which he had been free; anxieties new and strange beset him, and a hope that was to hold his life in bondage till a deliverer should come.

'The cares of this world.' It was no lust of riches. In the midst of his new surroundings, and with his new aspirations, there was still nothing in his heart that could respond to the voice whose utterance, as his wife gave it, astonished and disgraced him.

She had lived all her life in sight of those goodly mountains, but was not thus protected from certain very, very grovelling, and alas! common notions in regard to worldly fortunes. Success she regarded as in itself an absolute good — not the token, not the outward and visible sign of an inward possession of the powers that control circumstance, and make the possessors everywhere and at all times triumphant.

She had not found it possible, even amid the surroundings of her childhood, to grow as Benjamin had done. The fault is not in our stars, dear Brutus! Neither mountains, atmosphere, nor education were at fault. Evil is not of circumstance and surroundings. Circumstance may foster, surroundings may encourage, but a man's soul is a power distinct from, and not to be confounded with, its conditions. A man's clothes cannot be the best of him, unless he is a beggar!

Clothes are not Man — Circumstance is not Evil.

Kruger was not the prisoner of lust but of hope, when he began to give more thought to labor, and more strength to money-getting. He had a lofty aim in view — the best good of his child. And he only manifested his abnegation of self, in the exhaustion to which he cheerfully submitted in his labors. Let no professional hair-splitter presume to say that he was after all but selfish in his working, because it was for his child. A selfish soul must of necessity be selfish in all its loving; because the object loved is loved for what it is to *him*, and not for what it is to others and to God. No assurance of perpetuity is ever given in



such demonstration of affection, though it issue even from a parent's heart. It was not, I say, because the infant Fleance was *his* child, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh ; not that she should in after-times reflect honor or credit upon him, that he would have her adorned in royal appareling. But for her own sake. Not that she might eclipse her neighbors. For the advantage, not the vanity — for the enduring joy, not the hourly parade ; he would have the young immortal's wings grow for immortal flight — not clipped for a safe strutting through the limits of his paternal pride. And for this he would first of all guard her against the assaults of time and temporal things ; he would prevent the possibility of want ; spiritually, as well as in her external fortunes, he would fortify her, he would make the ways of life broad and open to his child. She should have the means of culture ; all that was advantageous as aids to her growth.

With joy did he behold, as she out-grew the obligations and necessities of instinct, that a true filial love was unfolding in the child's heart, manifesting itself, and more and more distinctly as the spirit within her more intelligently ascertained itself, in obedience, reverence, perfect trust. With joy too he beheld — eagerly he had watched for this manifestation — that the mother of the child shared in this filial recognition, this expression of the young heart's loyalty. Nor was he blind that he could not behold the purifying and exalting influence of their daughter's love on the heart of her mother. With the child's growth and development, she too seemed to grow and develop. External nature with all its significancies had been in a most vital sense lost upon her ; but the demonstrations of the heart, when they were made through her child, were not beyond her grasp and apprehension. She was alive, and she too became with her husband a prisoner of hope, and if the bonds and bondage were not precisely what they were to him, if there was more of dross in them, and fear and weariness because of them, still the bondage was the same, and both felt their union in it.

But Fleance had not out-grown her childhood when her mother died, and Krüger was left alone in charge of his daughter.

There were many ways suggested to him for the disposition of the child after this bereavement ; his friends offered their counsel, and the parents of his wife opened their doors for their son and grand-child ; no plan that occurred to him, none that was submitted by the sympathy of his friends, did Krüger reject without careful consideration ; but the result of his deliberation was in the face of every proposition, and the occasion of no small surprise among the people to whom he was known. He took the house of one of his workmen on the borders of the stone-yard, and removed to it from his pretty cottage. There would he live, and Fleance should thus be ever under his own watchful care ; by day and by night she would be with him ; none should come between them ; he would be all in all to her, as she certainly already was all in all to him.

Since that time, year after year the partnership between the proprietor of the quarry and Krüger had continued, and Krüger by diligent working and prudence had brought all affairs in which he was concerned into a very prosperous condition ; but the proprietor, for his part, had been

going on recklessly, and disaster once overtaking him, could not be impeded; it followed him into every path of his operations, spreading ruin wherever he had moved. \* Krüger was involved in the ruin. There was no possibility of his escaping it, none that he would have taken advantage of, not for his child's sake, even had he been forewarned of what was to happen. But the calamity overtook him in a day, and without suspicion. Conscious of his own integrity, and confiding in that of others, when the discovery was made that swept away his earnings, leaving not a trace behind, he would not, if he might, have saved them.

He was not the man to sit down despondingly and lament over a failure; money he had none; yet within himself were resources. With a valorous determination he rose again from the unanticipated overthrow, and behold, his indestructible Hope still on guard before him! and his work to be completed. He was an intrepid man, if not one of resources; he could work in his own way, if he had not ability or opportunity to labor in other directions. And so he decided that he would return to his work in the quarry, and strive there for the satisfaction of his creditors, and the education of his child.

Up to this time Fleance had beside himself had no instructor. But during the winter which now was ended, he had begun to think seriously of placing her under the charge of some person better qualified than he was to carry on the task he had begun. He had done his best, and with no small measure of success, to inform her mind with great principles; had cultivated in her heart the love of nature, which was a portion of her inheritance; but book-knowledge he had none to communicate, and was not prepared even to direct her in the acquisition. Before the change took place in his worldly fortunes, of which mention has been made, he had taken these facts into consideration, and had formed his plan; in this plan he now made no change.

In one of the most beautiful residences to be found through the length of the valley, lived the widow of a gentleman who had died, not long ago, insolvent. By a marriage settlement this property had become the property of his wife, and on his death, when his reputed great fortune was discovered to be an imagination, this portion of the estate, held in her name, alone remained to her. During the past year, the widow had opened a school in order to maintain herself, and in her care Krüger now determined to place Fleance.

Beside the widow's qualifications as an instructor and guardian of the child, there was an additional inducement which would have decided him, had he labored under any hesitation.

There had come to the village during the spring the present proprietor of the mountain-quarry, and he was accompanied by his sister. Krüger's attention was primarily attracted toward these strangers by the close connection with his own plans of future labor, into which they were introduced. Thus attracted, it was held by other influences. By the choice Miss Kingswood made of the widow's house for a summer habitation.

This lady was older than her brother, who had but just arrived at man's estate. She was unlike him. Though a woman of the world, a woman of fashion, she seemed in many respects a better type of manly

character than her brother, Arthur Kingswood. She had more decision ; she asserted herself more distinctly, and with the deep, undemonstrative pride of a conscious superiority. Her manners were the perfection of bearing and address. Her taste and intellect had been cultivated by study and travel. She had not much beauty — none that could please the sensuous eye ; but she had exceeding grace, and a smile, and a voice, that made common minds wonder, when they came within the range of her attractions, that she had never married.

She was devoted to her brother. And her influence over him, who was more effeminate in his dispositions, and more beautiful in his person, than she, and at least half a century younger in real life, was never for a moment doubted by her, nor by him. She was in society five years before he had finished his studies ; three years before she should have been, for her own heart's sake. And she had learned the world so well, had studied character so profoundly, that he felt all the confidence in her as his own guide, that she deserved. They had spent the last winter together, in one of the gayest cities, in a round of dissipation, and if the sister had been a trifle less haughty in her modes of thought, a little gentler and more gracious in her ways of judgment, as much so as in her manners when she felt herself surrounded by her peers, we might have called her, without the least misgiving, the guardian-angel of her brother. She stood almost in this relation toward him ; but there were some things essential to her soul's well-being which she could learn of him. This fact did not appear in any form of utterance ; it never would or could to him or her. If ever he should serve her it must be in act, not speech. It is just where speech fails that the still more marvellous, effective, attesting language of act begins.

Arthur Kingswood had come into this mountain and valley-land, where much of his property was lying, to look after the new purchase which his agent had made, and, tired of watering-places and all fashionable summer-resorts, his sister had accompanied him. She could appreciate the manner of life to which for a few weeks, or months, as it might chance, they would here devote themselves. There was that in her soul that found harmonious utterance in the midst of these solemn mountains. But it was a significant fact, that she had not trusted herself to them, foregoing all the appliances of daily life to which she had been accustomed. She brought her books with her, and she left her address with the world !

Distinguished as she was from every other being he had seen, or even imagined, there was much in this lady, far beyond his circle as she was, that Krüger could perceive and understand, and honor with an homage in his admiration, such as, amidst the flatterings of worldlings, she had not been accustomed to receive. He saw instinctively how rich the culture her mind must have had, the improvement that she had made of every variety of advantage, talent, and ability ; and from the moment he learned that she had taken up her abode for the summer in the widow's house, he determined that his child should come within the sphere of the lady's influence.

Accordingly, having taken counsel only of himself, Krüger went to the widow ; he told her of the hopes he had for his motherless daughter,

and the anxiety under which he labored on her account, and so well did he present the case, that the lady, who had often found occasion to observe the youthful Fleance, and to praise the father's fostering and successful care, was moved in her heart to listen to his request.

Kruger left his child in ignorance of the disposition he was about to make of himself, his strength, and time. He said to her that he was going on a journey into a land that was strange to her, and that it was impossible for him to say when he should return; but that though he was going from her he never should lose sight of her. She would continue to be, as she had so long been, the dearest friend he had on earth; for his sake, and her own sake, he charged her to make much of the time of separation. Partly he unburdened himself by giving her a glimpse of the greatness of the confidence he had in her, the expectation he had formed; sufficient incentive he believed this expression of his great desire would be, and with the teacher and the pattern she would have when he was gone, he doubted not that all hope led him to anticipate would be crowned with fruition.

Save for a few hours they had never been separated since Fleance could remember; and the novelty promised in the change that was before her, was not sufficient to soothe her in the parting; nor when she had fairly entered on the new round of daily duties, did all that was thus afforded compensate for that which, in her father, was taken away.

Meeting this young girl day after day at the table of the widow, ob-servant of her — for Miss Kingswood, though preëminently aristocratic in all her associations, was a humanitarian, in one sense of the word, and not narrowed or contracted in any respect by her position — it could but follow that Fleance should find place in her thoughts. Fleance and herself, as lodgers in the house, stood on an equal footing, at least the only advantage that Miss Kingswood chose now to recognize as hers was that of years and experience. Aloof she may have stood from the rest of the villagers, finding no one there that interested her — or perhaps, more properly, not caring to discover whether there were any such or not. Her brother was often absent from the village, sometimes for several days together, and to one whose life had been in a great measure made up of actions and impressions from the outer world, it was almost impossible to live without some sort of communion with the living presence that could serve her as a friend — child, man, or woman, either, if the creature only proved sufficient for the passing time.

Therefore it was that when Miss Kingswood went out to walk early in the morning, or late in the afternoon, Fleance was often her companion, and the young girl greatly interested her; and Fleance, not old enough or wise enough to understand the lady, or rather understanding her only by the wisdom of a child, found in turn a fascination, a charm in this association, so deep, so pervasive, that the result could but become at once apparent.

She surrendered herself to Miss Kingswood, without a question of the act; the perfect refinement and various culture of the lady, meeting her at every turn, won from the little maiden the most reverent affection. All the teaching of her father, his instructions and injunctions, the hopes he had expressed for her, utterance of which in her hearing

had so inspired her that she was seeking in her ways and doings to realize his ideal in herself, all seemed to point to such a noble being as she beheld in this lady. To the child's eyes she seemed the personification of all those perfections at which she aimed.

For either of them it was a novel companionship. There was little that any worldling philosopher could have suggested to a woman so sharp of sight, and subtle in thought, as this woman who was of the world, and yet above it. But this girl, with her courage in loneliness, and over-much solitude, her heroic devotion to her books for her father's sake, the interpretation she was continually giving to the young life as it manifested itself, these influences were acting upon Miss Kingswood's inner life, as upon her physical being the breath of mountain air that swept upon her in those early morning-walks, while the dew yet glistened on the grass, before the sun came down into the valley.

The fair face, blue eyes, and sweet smile, and simple manners of the girl won insensibly upon her heart; the rapid development Fleance had made after her father's departure, development induced by force of the lives around her, her own relation to them, and the comparative isolation of her lot, made her also a study which Miss Kingswood did not disdain.

It was singular how, as the summer passed away, the father of Fleance became associated in the child's thoughts with so much that the lady had to say; how the empire was divided over which he once held dominion alone. A pride, not like her mother's — for the soil on which it grew was different, and the influences under which it expanded were different, yet an inherited pride that was not in agreement with dominant characteristics of her nature — began to betray itself in her ways of thought, and more distinctly thus than in her ways of action. Letters from her father came to Fleance at regular intervals; they bore no date, but in them he spoke much of the scenery through which his course of travel led him, and it required no great stretch of the child's imagination to think of him as journeying through those famous distant lands, of which Miss Kingswood sometimes spoke to her, the lands beyond the ocean, from which she had brought home so many rich memorials. And by degrees, from thus associating him with Miss Kingswood, Fleance came to have a new idea of her father, as she came to have new ideas of all other things in life. With her own development her thoughts of him had a corresponding progression. He was to the young maiden another being from what he was to the young child. The measure of her love to him being graduated now by a scale correspondent to that which had answered to the needs of her childhood, he had an exaltation and nobility in her imagination which, not disproportionate to the truth as the angels beheld it, might still have seemed to less far-seeing mortals a strange exaggeration.

No, he lost nothing by her association with these new friends; the daughter's love and reverence placed him on a level with them, and her pride in them rose accordingly, as she appreciated and understood them.

So bound up was Arthur Kingswood in his devotion to his sister, or rather so accustomed was he to regard her acts without the implied question of them there would have been in referring to their causes, that when, sometimes in her parlor, sometimes in the street, sometimes in

the garden, or on the balcony, he found this child her companion, listening while she read aloud, or looking over her port-folio of engravings, or engaged in conversation, he saw nothing strange in the new manifestation, nor sought to discern in the girl a cause for it. Once or twice an expression of surprise may have appeared on his face, but he never pursued the feeling to demand its explanation. He saw the young girl there, and that, to his mind, was sufficient passport for her, whithersoever she would go. She needed no further indorsement than this.

Occasionally, however, it would occur to him to wonder — but the wonder was not the result of an elaborate process of thought — whether Fleance was in the slightest degree aware of the companionship into which she had come. And this wondering led him idly enough to be more observant of Fleance when he encountered her. He found, for he was a judge of beauty, that there was not a feature of her face that let down her character in the slightest degree from the refinement betokened by the general expression. That her movements were free and unembarrassed — that she never did an awkward thing, or said a coarse one. Ignorant of the laws which he had been taught to obey from his youth up, she seemed as good a law unto herself. She never became aware of the be-littling process to which the worldling submits in a slavish regard to conformity. So, more and more she interested the brother, and it was not in the nature of things that it should be merely in the way that the sister was interested. He could not make a study of her, and award her his respect, and do her what good he had to do, and derive what good he might from the unequal friendship, and let her go. His sister could and doubtless would do this, for this she had been in the habit of doing, it is no special disparagement to her to say it, these many years.

He was neither strong, nor wise enough for that. He knew not enough to regard human friendships in this light; that is, his experience had not been sufficiently profound to serve him so. He was more enthusiastic, more alive to pleasant influences, more readily quickened by them into action. His sister had set out in her career with a confidence in her own powers something too high. She had arrived at self-knowledge, not by the kindly unmasking of herself by gentle and friendly hands, nor by the sharp blade of satire; flattery, adulation, had been her portion, but the sweet draught had only sickened, had not poisoned her. She had for herself, under the impulsion of the integrity of her own soul, done all the good work that as yet was wrought in her. Had accomplished it by a study induced by the people around her, whose shallowness, hypocrisy, uncleanness, and sycophancy had betrayed them to her in spite of themselves. She had never yet met the man or woman who, able to do so, had so understood her as to come into sympathy with her heart, and satisfy it, and give to her understanding repose. She had demanded more than any gave. Her demand had been in proportion to the depth of her vision, and the estimate she had put upon the divineness of life, and to her satisfaction in that which appeared, which was not merely within her reach but obtruded upon her, forced on her acceptance. Arthur was captivated more easily because his feelings were near the surface of his nature; one need not dive for them in the dark



as divers do for pearls. And Fleance, who pleased him, in whom his sister was so much interested, was quite certain to affect him more deeply, if he remained long near her.

But his sister's thoughts were not in this direction. She had no apprehension of *any* result. She was ambitious for her brother, in spite of all she knew of the world, or probably just because she knew so much of it. She may, confiding in her influence as a generally binding law upon him, from sheer habit of trusting it in all things, have ceased to particularize instances and effects. May have forgotten that the very warmth and generosity of his love for her, for it was love more generous than weak, was in itself a proof that his affections were his life, and that, wanting in coolness and deliberation of thought, a time might come when there would be a revolt among them. I can only account for her oversight thus — that she was too wearied by the disappointments she herself had met, too chilled by her intercourse with the world, to think much of this exposure, when the arms of so devout a love were around her. It satisfied her far too well to admit it willingly as the occasion of new speculations, and further prophesyings. She cared not to prove her skill in discernment in a direction where the life was so near, so dear to her.

Among the men now working in the quarry to which Krüger returned, were some of his old associates in labor. In the house of one of these he lodged. There was not a man of them but sympathized with him in his losses; and the more deeply, it may be said, because of the composure with which he bore them, the cheerfulness, the quietness. No man ventured to make an exhibition of this sympathy. They all knew him so well as to understand that it would be no acceptable offering to him; but it was evinced in ways he could but feel, that led him to express the gratitude he felt for their sympathy and welcome. He stood in his old position, filling it, however, with an increase of dignity. It was a vacant place; no man had held it since he went away years ago, and in his return to it not a man but felt that he was worthier of a better.

He had always been the pride of the quarrymen's hearts, and was as much so now in his adversity, as he had been when he advanced from their ranks to a seeming prosperity. Benjamin Krüger was equal to the task of beginning life anew with determination, and with cheerfulness, for experience had enriched him. He was changed somewhat in his bearing toward others since his experience of village life; he had learned many things of love, and joy, and sorrow. These experiences had not made him selfish, but more thoughtful and careful of all in proportion as he became so of one life. Though never jovial or familiar, nor one whit lessened, but instead established, in his personal dignity, he had more to say to his fellows than he had once, he had more in common with them, he understood them better, he was not so abstracted, he found a new and an increasing interest in entering into the hidden lives of his toiling companions. His hope had made him a prisoner, and for all his brethren in bondage his heart was full of tenderness.

It was not much that he ever said of Fleance; it did not suit him to



be garrulous of his love. It was known among the men that he had a child, a daughter ; that she was motherless ; that she had been placed at school somewhere. These facts were known, but not as points for curiosity or speculation to circle round. Inquiries were sometimes made of her by the woman in whose house he lodged, and by others, but they went no farther than he cared to have them go.

Whenever Kruger wrote to Fleance, he went down with the letters, and himself deposited them in the office for her. He was careful on those occasions to avoid observation ; he never went except by night. He had voluntarily dissevered himself from his child ; he would not have her know at what a cost he was securing to her the advantages which, to his mind, were above all price. And so he never saw her, only with his heart, only with the tender eyes of loving mental vision, did he behold her as she grew subject to the new influences of her lot. He thought he understood what culture would do for his child.

Thus the summer days were wearing on with their influences and results. Fleance at school was her father's child. He was her prevailing conscience. But as we have seen, he was her father 'with a difference ;' not quite that Benjamin Kruger, whom we have seen watching over her so constantly and tenderly, no more than she was now actually the Fleance of his daily care. He was interpreted to Fleance by the light that had come to her through the mind of one who, to all intents, was her present illuminator. He was idealized by this manner of interpretation. In school or out of it, the influence was the same. Miss Kingswood had virtually taken her father's place, but Fleance did not understand it, nor perceive, child that she was, how great an influence the affection which this strong woman lavished on her brother, shaped and modified her own feeling for him. Without thought, without perception, this became true. Her brother was the only person to whom Miss Kingswood's life was opened, as free to his eyes as her own ; that he could not decipher all its languages, its signs, was no fault of hers. She hid nothing from him ; if he could not read, the fault, or rather loss, was entirely his. She trusted no mortal as she trusted him. Orphaned at an early age, he had since then been under her care. Though guardians, tutors, and governors were over them, all authority and power was at once set aside when she came into conflict with them. She had watched Arthur's growth and development with the jealous eye of love ; they had studied and travelled together ; the thoughts of neither had ever wandered far or long from the other ; the fact that no one coming between them had been able to engross her affections had but rendered him, as years went on, the dearer. When her eyes fell upon him the piercing orbs lost their sharpness of discernment ; no cold or scornful or satirical thought was ever passed on him, though men precisely of his stamp had met with not much consideration or mercy at her hands. She could have understood the spirit that actuated Kruger to the banishment he had imposed upon himself for his daughter's sake. Had there been any need for sacrifice or act of this nature on her part for Arthur's sake, she could have rendered it.

Fleance beheld so much of this as must have revealed itself to every loving eye. She knew what it meant when she sat at Miss Kings-

wood's feet, and listened while Arthur read to them, and the lady's hand stroked gently the young girl's head ; the tenderness of the touch thrilled her, and it told her well the tenderness that was in the sister's eyes as they fixed upon the reader, though Fleance saw them not. She knew also why, when he came into the parlor, whatever work his sister had in hand was laid at once aside, as if, when he were by, all other things were dwarfed in importance. When they stood sometimes, she hanging on his arm, chatting together, or silent before the windows, watching the rain-storms flying down between the mountain-crags, Fleance knew why the voices of the speakers were so soft and low, and if she felt her loneliness the more, and longed the more for the return of her father, who would be to her what Arthur Kingswood was to his sister, what wonder ? Was she not thus proved all the worthier ? Fleance saw young Kingswood through his sister's eyes ; how could she but like one whom the lady loved so well ? And beside the gentleman was very kind to her ; he imitated his sister in this ; though *he* never of himself invited her to accompany them in their walks and drives, yet, when his sister had done so, he was always certain to enforce the invitation by its repetition.

Miss Kingswood had been talking for a long time of going up to the quarry with her brother some fine day, and one morning Fleance was arrested on her way to the school-room by the lady's voice. Would not she like to take a drive up the mountains, on this fine breezy morning ? Fleance's face glowed with pleasure at the prospect ; permission of absence had already been obtained for her of the widow, and instead of proceeding to spend the day in the school-room, she ran to her room to make herself ready for the excursion that promised so fair.

The road which led up to the quarry had been travelled these twenty years ; but now for a long time it had not been used for the transportation of stone to the world below ; the canal which passed at the base of the quarry-mountain, and through the valley, being the mode of communication between the workmen and the market. The road therefore, though still in use, was neither the safest nor the most easily travelled. But our party was in no haste ; it was but a pleasant variety to them when compelled to alight, and walk or climb in the midst of scenery so fine, on this transporting day.

Toward noon they came in sight of the cave in the mountain-side, and the pit beneath it from which the stone was taken for the city buildings miles away ; and as the road wound higher and higher, they saw the dwellings of the workmen perched among the rocks like the nests of hanging-birds — apparently as inaccessible.

While yet at some distance from the quarry, the little party alighted from the carriage and walked on to the pit ; Fleance following Miss Kingswood, as she descended into the place where the men were at work, for toward this point, as having a human interest, the lady first directed her steps. But Fleance only followed in the descent, she did not advance with her from the entrance into the place.

On a block of granite she sat down and looked around her ; up at the mountain-peaks, towering so high above her head, and on the depth of the bright blue sky beyond ; on the working-men's tiny huts ; on

the great piles of broken rock, the dark fissures, made by blasting, in the mountain's heart ; on the dusty and diligent workmen, many of whom suspended not their toil for an instant even at the unwonted sight of guests in the pit.

But, while she looked on all these points of interest, about which her imagination had been so busy as they came up the road, what was it that suddenly oppressed her as if overcome by that great bodily fatigue which sends faintness and sickness through the frame, lassitude and depression ? There, on that granite block, at the termination of the happy drive, she sat, as if exhausted by some fearful labor, or bound by some dread spell. What is it she anticipates ? What can she here anticipate, the fair young village-girl in such good company ?

While she still sat there, bound thus inexplicably, Fleance heard Miss Kingswood speaking to one of the workmen who was hid by a sharp, rocky projection from the child's sight ; hearing the voice, Fleance arose, and would have advanced toward the speaker, but the voice of the person who had been addressed arrested her.

In itself, the manner of Miss Kingswood's speaking to the man, was worth considering ; it was not after the manner of that vulgar curiosity and impertinence which seem to be considered the prerogative of idle people, who stroll around the world to visit works. Her voice had in it neither rude challenge nor the insult of ignorance and base self-disrespect, but was a kindly human greeting of the good day ; a king in his capacity of manhood could not have demanded a better. Haughty as her character may have been, as interpreted by pretenders, there was nothing here that betokened such a trait. Miss Kingswood had not yet seen the face of him she addressed ; he was bending over his work ; therefore it was not to him individually that the manner of speaking was to be imputed. Not that he admitted no other style of address, but that she who spoke could give no other. It was her voice that attracted Fleance and called her to her feet, I said. But she went not forward ; it was the responding voice that staid her ; the voice that answered so deep, full, clear ; oh ! it bound her hand and foot.

What had she heard the workman say ? Only a few common words, a response to Miss Kingswood's remark on the wild scenery, and the strange effect of light and shade upon the hills, and something of the pleasant morning. There was nothing in the reply that in itself seemed powerful, either to draw Fleance out from the strange depression and heart-fainting that she felt, and bring her before the speaker, nor any thing to keep her chained to the rock on which she stood, while her face became so pale ; nor any thing to send her off when the voice spoke again, and she had listened to its every utterance, to another part of the pit, and presently up out of it, and away along the mountain-side.

There alone, safe at least for the moment, she sat down and tried to forget what she had heard ; tried to forget it, but the regular clink of the workmen's tools could not drive it away. She watched the strangely-shaped shadows that strolled like spirits up and down the mountains, that rose abrupt and lofty on the other side of the valley, when the sun was for a moment obscured by the swiftly-flying clouds. She stood up

to see the canal-boat as it passed, drawn by tired horses, far down in the valley. She walked along a path into which she struck unawares, that she might see the road by which the stone was conveyed to the boats. O glorious, shining sun, and heaven far away, and majesty of clouds ! miracle of rock, and cliff, and peak, and bald or wooded mountain-height, sweet shadow of the lovely valley ; broad fields of sun-light lying between the deep rocky gorges, tree and flower, stone and brook, and bird, what were all these things to her ? Treasures so rich for memory, if stored at any other time, or under any other circumstance, drawn in by eager eyes, as the warm, bright breath of spring by the chilled and dying frame, sounds not one of which, at any other hour, had escaped her. What were these now to her ? A devil and an angel struggled in her breast, in the brave and gentle heart of Fleance, making an evil coward of the child.

If on earth she has a father — and at this moment it would not be a grief beyond endurance to know that father she had not — if he is alive, she has heard his voice ; she heard it in the pit. The pit ! She heard it speaking to Miss Kingswood. It was his hand that lifted the hammer, and smote the chisel, toiling, without loss of time, over the stone, when Miss Kingswood turned away from him, and when she (did Miss Kingswood see ?) turned also, and could hardly stay her steps from flight to that slow movement by which she went from her father. His hand that lifted the tools and went on with the work. For whom working ? This, then, was the foreign country ! this his land of travel ! these the scenes through which he was passing !

Had he been false to her ? There might be then some justification in her falseness to him, or at least there was no injury done ; they both stood on one footing, mutual deceivers. Eagerly she looked around her, and the consolation was taken away. She was his child. Of old, her vision was like his, and it seemed now the same, as she looked and recognized, faster and faster, as her memory and her thought worked, points on which he had elaborated, scenes before her on which he had exhausted his portraying words, were recognized, identified by her : in a tender, playful mood he had written these descriptions : in an agony of feeling she recalled them. But of this I must speak in another and concluding chapter.

S O F T   A N D   S O F T E R .

ONE eve, in velvet bravery arrayed,  
As PHIL sat toying with his darling maid,  
Her little buxom waist's bewitching charm  
The while half-folded in his furtive arm ;  
He took her dimpled hand, and with a smile  
Stealing it gently o'er the silken pile,  
Asked, in a tender silence of love-chat,  
If palm e'er fondled aught so soft as that ?

She archly answered, ' Might I venture, pet,

I could press yours on something softer yet.'  
With sidelong glance of amorous mistrust  
Adown the graceful neck and swelling bust,  
Whose ermine cape, his daring fancy taught,  
Was the coy 'something' of the maiden's  
thought ;  
He fondly sighed, to fingers' ends a-thrill,  
' Ah ! dearest, do ! — my hand is at your will !'  
But O lost rapture ! — for, no sooner said,  
She gayly clapt it pat on his own head !     W. P. P.

## D E T R O I T .

WEDGED OUT FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS.'

BY L. J. BATES.

BLUE roll thy waves, Detroit, as fair and free,  
 And still they murmur with as sweet a fall,  
 Slow rippling downward to the summer sea,  
 As when, beneath thy forests, green and tall,  
 The wandering Jesuit reared the first rude wall;  
 Or when in later, more historic years,  
 The young State gambolled in thy capitol,  
 The child of many prayers and many tears,  
 Whose growth her sisters watched with changing hopes and fears.

Blue roll thy waters still, and still as fair  
 As when they trembled at the gathering strife,  
 The cannon's thunder shook the dewy air,  
 And the wild savage, with relentless knife,  
 Poured on thy tide the wilder tide of life;  
 While through thy streets, with ashy lips and cold,  
 And darkly-lowering brows, with anguish rife,  
 The awe-struck multitude in terror rolled —  
 A living tide of fear, whose looks of danger told.

Slow sank the sun upon that awful night;  
 But darkness showed fresh horrors through the veil:  
 The distant roar of the advancing fight;  
 The lurid fires, that made the starlight pale,  
 From burning hamlets, where the tender wall  
 Of infant innocence for life was vain;  
 While fearful shrieks rang wildly on the gale,  
 Or moaning sobs, in last extreme of pain,  
 Drowned in the savage yells exulting o'er the slain!

The answering signals on the distant heights,  
 And ever and anon the muffled roll  
 Of the alarming drum, all sounds and sights  
 That shook with horror many a gentle soul;  
 While rude, wild hunters, mad beyond control,  
 With eager strides rushed breathless through the street,  
 And poured along the river to the mole,  
 With hearts on fire, the coming foe to greet,  
 When his insatiate thirst should bloodier vengeance meet!

And there were gatherings round the cheerless hearth,  
 And choking prayers from hearts left desolate;  
 Since who could tell if evermore on earth  
 Should greet them, scatheless from the field of state,  
 The sire or son, who left with pride elate?  
 And there were foot-steps faster than the gale,  
 Yet noiseless as the airy fall of fate,  
 And forms that glided from the nearest vale —  
 Fleet-footed, practised scouts, each with a wilder tale.

The sun rose redly in a smoky sky,  
 And the black ramparts hailed it with a shout  
 That shook the hills, and woke a rude reply;  
 On came the foe, with all his banners out,  
 In the full pomp and pride of martial rout;  
 While the grim hunters, in their silent lair,  
 Waited with patience for the coming bout;  
 And o'er the levelled death that waited there  
 A thousand longing eyes looked forth with deadly glare!

Near and more near drew the advancing lines;  
 And, save the sound of their approaching tread,  
 Such silence reigned, but for the rustling pines,  
 It seemed even Nature, struck with sudden dread,  
 Paused for a while — the very air was dead,  
 Which soon, alas! should wake to fearful life,  
 When the quick tides of slaughter, warm and red,  
 Should meet and mingle in the deadly strife,  
 Whose clouds were with the fate of a broad empire rife.

The signal! Hark! It comes not. From the fort  
 A white flag flutters, which some coward hand  
 Has flung abroad, to mar the rarest sport  
 That ever thrilled the pulses of the land.  
 And see! the soldiers yield at the command,  
 When certain victory, an hour before,  
 Stretched to the grasp of every hardy band,  
 And stooped to hail the cannon's opening roar,  
 Whose first loud call should ring from ocean-shore to shore.

It boots not now to tell the coward name  
 That gave an empire to a meaner foe;  
 When e'en a stripling, but for very shame,  
 Had scorned the truce, and struck at least a blow.  
 It were enough for history to know  
 That not in vain the eagle banner fell,  
 But fiercer wrath, resistless in its flow,  
 In after fields revenged the insult well,  
 And broke with bloody hands the foul, disgraceful spell.

I stood upon a fragment of the wall,  
 And all the past went by me as a dream  
 Of some deep slumber, which I would recall,  
 But that it vanished: hither runs the stream,  
 Still golden in the sun-set's latest beam;  
 But all its silence and its freedom o'er,  
 A thousand white sails on its bosom gleam,  
 And flying steamers glance from shore to shore,  
 Where erst the light skiff plied, but may not venture more.

And, turning to the forest, it has fled!  
 Nor tree nor shrub the longing eye may greet;  
 The pines are with the memory of the dead.  
 But fairer scenes the startled vision meet:  
 A vast and busy city, street on street,  
 Lit with a thousand lamps, dome, tower, and spire,  
 As if some brain-wrought fancy, fever heat,  
 Glow crimson, ere the glory quite expire,  
 Reflecting the last beams of day's departing fire.

*Grand Rapids, Aug. 15, 1855.*

## Summer Recreations.

SARATOGA: A TRIP TO CANADA: THE GREAT SAGUENAY.

It is a rare combination of beauties in nature and art which renders Saratoga preëminently attractive to summer visitors. The invalid, drawn thither by its healing fountains; the lover of gay life and fashionable amusements; the devotee of nature, and one who would read human character, each unquestioned in his pursuit, finds ample means of enjoyment there, and all who will may find genial friends.

Congress Hall, with enlarged borders, has appeared the past season in more than its pristine glory. The exquisitely beautiful grounds of the United States Hotel, at every returning summer, with their array of beauty and talent, invite you to their enchanting shades. In addition to its other attractions, Saratoga is emphatically the great exchange for summer-tourists in America.

It was my good fortune, during the month of August last, to meet there a friend, whose timely suggestion induced me to join a party to the great Saguenay; and well did the varied delights of our excursion repay us for the elegant enjoyments we left.

The morning-train took us to Whitehall, where we met the steamer 'America,' Captain Flagg, on Lake Champlain. The beautiful home-like comforts of the 'America' well comport with the world-wide reputation which has belonged to the Champlain steamers from the time of Captain Sherman and Captain Chapman to the present. I enjoyed, as I have done before, and hope often to do again, the surpassingly beautiful scenery on this lake, hallowed as it is by associations with stirring events in our revolutionary history. The day was one of peculiar loveliness, of genial warmth and refreshing breezes, and the sun-set was enchanting. But there are no words which can picture that gorgeously beautiful sun-set on Lake Champlain, August eleventh, 1855. On board the cars, from Rouse's Point — on the border — to the St. Lawrence the twilight afforded only an imperfect view of the country, but my thoughts were busy with local associations. To account for the origin of the name Canada, I have somewhere read that Spaniards first went thither in search of gold. Disappointed in their hopes, they frequently exclaimed, '*Aca-nada*,' 'nothing here,' an expression which the Indians soon understood. When the French subsequently visited the country, the natives, supposing that they also had come in quest of the precious metal, and believing that the whites all spoke the same language, in order to anticipate the inquiries of their new visitors, greeted them with '*Aca-nada*.' The French, in turn, ignorant of the Spanish as of the Indian tongue, took this oft-repeated exclamation to be the name of the country. Hence it was allowed to supersede Cartier's appellation of New-France. Notwithstanding the seeming probability of this account, I do not recollect any authentic record that Spaniards were the first explorers in this northern region.

Another agreeable transfer from rail-road to steam-boat took us



across the St. Lawrence, and in a few moments more we were introduced to Mr. Coleman, of the 'Montreal House.' Here we were on the island of Hochelaga; but the Indian race, with the name of their rude fortress, has passed away. Their successors, the Normans, have also long since been conquered, and we were within the empire of Britain.

Mr. Coleman is always 'at home' to his guests, though his private residence is in a retired part of the city. The 'Montreal House' is within a stone's-throw of the wharf, and offers every convenience and comfort to travellers.

A Sabbath morning at the cathedral, during the celebration of high mass, and a discourse in French, succeeded by a visit to the Presbyterian church, where we listened to an excellent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Martin, late of New-York, brought us to the evening, when I was glad to retire to my pleasant room, looking out on the splendid river. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, of the following day, after a visit to the convents, a view from the summit of the cathedral, and a drive round the mountain, that we went on board the steamer 'John Munn,' Captain Crawford, for Quebec. The small white farm-houses which border the St. Lawrence like a continuous village from Montreal to that city, bring to mind, in striking contrast, the magnificent palaces which deck the shores of our Hudson.

Early next morning, without landing at Quebec, we exchanged the steamer, which had afforded us very comfortable accommodations for the night, for the 'Saguenay,' Captain R. Simard, bound for Ha-ha Bay, the end of steam-boat navigation in the Saguenay River. Captain Simard has the past season made weekly excursions to the Saguenay, expressly for the accommodation of tourists, leaving Quebec on Tuesday mornings, and returning on Thursday evenings.

Seven miles below the city are the Falls of Montmorenci. As seen from the St. Lawrence, they present the appearance of a sheet of white foam, overhanging the immense perpendicular cliff which there rises on the margin of the river.

Just below the Montmorenci Falls, lies the fertile island of Orleans. The luxurious vine which Cartier found growing there in such abundance, and which induced him to name it the Isle of Bacchus, has given place to fields of grain and gardens of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The white houses of the *habitans* dot the green turf of the island, and the spire of a Christian church rises among the trees.

Riviere Ouell, or Grosse Isle, about one hundred miles below Quebec, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, was our first stopping-place. The town lies hidden behind the mountains. From the deck of our steam-boat but a solitary building was visible. This settlement, as also that of Murray Bay, twelve miles across the river on the opposite bank, is inhabited principally by French peasantry, who are contented to live as their fathers lived in Europe centuries ago, cultivating lands rented to them by their feudal lords. From Grosse Isle we crossed over to Murray Bay. This, beside being a farming and lumbering town of some importance, is also a fashionable watering-place, but its rural aspect certainly bears little resemblance to our Newport or Saratoga. I.

however, admired the simple costume of the ladies, among whom was the wife of the Seigneur, who, like many others, had come down in her *calèche* to exchange courtesies with the friends she might see aboard our steamer, to welcome the new-comer, or to say adieu to the parting guest. Peasants were also there, as is their custom, to witness the semi-weekly visits of the steam-boat. From the wharf one sees very little of the town; but farther out on the river, a fine landscape opens to view: the white church, in contrast with the deep-tinted evergreens; the small houses, all white, on cultivated farms, extending far back in the distance; the remote mountains, the intervening hills, and the broad expanse of water in front. It was a glorious view.

At Rivière du Loup, nineteen miles further down, on the opposite shore, and twenty miles above the mouth of the Saguenay, we lay for the night, in order that we might have a day-light view of this remarkable scenery. At the first glimpse of dawn, our steamer was again under way, and in the morning twilight we were gazing around from the place where the English squadron, under Wolfe, on its passage to the siege of Quebec, was 'becalmed off the mouth of the deep and gloomy Saguenay.' These waters are indeed dark and deep, very deep, but to me it was no gloomy appearance which they wore. The whole scene is one of 'wild wonder.' At its mouth, the Saguenay is one mile in width; farther up, in many places it is broader. It is walled in by rugged and irregular mountains, now jutting out far into the stream, now receding in the back-ground, forming open bays, until you are left to conjecture as to its course; and forgetting all else, you watch with intense interest the movement of the steamer, which appears at one time making toward the base of a mountain, at another striking out into an open gulf.

'Cap l'Eternité' rises eighteen hundred feet in a perpendicular line above the surface of the water. Our obliging captain, intent on giving us the most striking and comprehensive view of this remarkable cliff, sailed out into the bay, and doubling the cape, passed directly into its shadow. Here the water has been found to be more than three hundred fathoms in depth. Not a ruffle moved its surface, but from its dark bosom, it reflected with remarkable distinctness the high-piled strata of rocks, the stunted ever-greens, and even every tint of the little flowers which grew around the mountain-base. We had scarcely lost sight of l'Eternité when Les Trois Frères, or Cap la Trinité, rose before us. The three successive elevations which compose this mountain are intersected by clusters of spruce and pine, of a small growth, and of the deepest green.

All along on the declivities of the mountains which border this river, small trees and shrubs grow from the crevices of the rocks, and now and then, in beautiful contrast, appears a brilliantly-colored flower.

From the fissures of the rocks little rivulets burst forth; and as if grateful for being at last released from their dark caverns, 'they give back the sun's rays more thick and radiant than he sent them.'

Sixty miles of this wild beauty, from the mouth of the Saguenay, brought us to Ha-Ha Bay. Here is a mill-seat of considerable importance.

But it is a new settlement, and there is yet no wharf at the port. So, it being low-tide, we were obliged to anchor half-a-mile from the shore, and in the small-boat approached as near to dry-land as the shoals would permit. Here we were provided with new conveyances. *Habitans* in *caleches* had come down some three feet into the water to offer us an escort to their village. We had only to step from the boat into the *caleche*, and in another moment were driving rapidly on over all the stones which came in our way, up and down steep and winding hills, and through very narrow passes, *our cocher* by some mysterious means keeping his seat on a bit of board in front, close to the little pony's heels. we visited the saw-mills and the flour-mills, and, what appeared to the *habitans* an object of special interest, a ship, of one thousand tons, on the stocks. The one large handsome house was said to be the summer residence of a Scotch gentleman, interested in the business operations of the place. A Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian church were also pointed out to us.

Returning to the steamer by the same conveyances which took us away, we were soon 'homeward bound,' enjoying if possible more than we did at first the magnificent scenery on the river. Hitherto, since we left Montreal, the weather had been remarkably fine, but after we had passed the mouth of the Saguenay a heavy rain came on, and very soon we were enveloped in a dense fog. At sun-set Captain Simard deemed it expedient to remain at l'Anse a l'Eau, though it had been his intention to regain the harbor of Riviere du Loup, several miles further up on the opposite bank of the river, that evening. But the cloud and the vapor without did not obscure the cheerful light within. Agreeable conversation was kept up without effort in the saloon, while a characteristic dance on the lower deck proved with what gladsome glee the peasant enjoys a respite from toil. The next morning, our continued detention by the fog and rain, being the means of introducing us to a more intimate acquaintance with our fellow-passengers and with Captain Simard, gave me good cause to rejoice that I was weather-bound. There were tourists from Europe, and from various portions of the Canadas, from Massachusetts, the banks of the Connecticut in New-Hampshire and Vermont, from the Queen City of the West, and from our own metropolis. The merchant had left his counting-house for the unmolested enjoyment of the beautiful and grand in nature and art. The scholar was there in admiration and wonder. Turning for awhile from the written page, he felt and imparted the beautiful enthusiasm with which nature is wont to inspire the heart. Versatile journalists entertained us with their pleasant humor. Indeed it could be only once in a lifetime that I might hope to meet, on board a steam-boat, such an assemblage (including both sexes) of intelligence and wit, and good-nature.

In the evening our entertainment was varied by conversation, dancing to the sound of a violin and flute, and a concert of vocal music; which last, as the critics would say, was a 'decidedly brilliant affair.' I fancy that Mr. H—— must be endowed with the gift of improvisation; for how, amid early classical studies and later mercantile labors, he can have found time to become an accomplished artist, is more than I can

divine. Be this as it may, I thank him for the entertainment he gave us in his numerous songs, not forgetting 'God Save the Queen' and 'Yankee Doodle,' to which all present were happy to pay due regard.

Captain Simard is master of his ship, as his well-disciplined crew testify. Though a Frenchman, I am sure he belongs to some empire where there is no setting sun, for his face is in a perpetual glow. There is a sort of magic in his cheerfulness which makes every one about him happy. He is famed the country round for his nautical skill and his thorough acquaintance with every current in the rivers, which from boyhood have been his summer-home.

With the night passed away the clouds which had obscured our outward view. In the clearness of the risen sun, we looked with new delight on the sparkling waters, and on the mountains and valleys, and the plains passing in quick succession before us.

A morning call at Riviere du Loup afforded us an opportunity to take another drive in the *calèche*. *Cocher, calèche*, and pony, the exact counterparts of those we had left at Ha-Ha Bay, met us at the wharf. A commodious and substantial wharf is in process of erection, and nearly finished, at this place, which, like most of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, is devoted to farming and lumbering. I understand that Mr. Rice, of Quebec, is the man who has given impulse to the lumbering-trade, and put the mills in operation both here and at Ha-Ha Bay.

Although it was the seventeenth of August, when raspberries had quite disappeared from our markets, they were ripening in abundance in this northern latitude, all along on the margin of the narrow road over which we drove. Fields of corn and wheat and potatoes promised good crops, and new-mown hay filled the air with delicious fragrance.

Cacouna, three miles beyond Riviere du Loup, is a summer retreat of considerable note, where you may throw aside the restraint of town-life, and enjoy nature in its simplicity, its beauty, and its grandeur. I thought it would be charming to spend a few summer-weeks in one of those pretty white cottages, adorned with trailing vines and bright-colored flowers. In the humblest of these we noticed the most perfect neatness; the windows especially are always scrupulously clean. The French peasantry of Canada are peculiar for a native delicacy, which, united to their religious character and their artless habits, renders them objects of peculiar interest. When I afterward at Quebec saw them in their churches, I felt a real sympathy with what there is no doubt was the devout aspiration of their souls, however unlike their mode of worship to that which I believe is required in the simplicity of the Gospel. Such as these people were the Acadians, when they were so mercilessly driven from their homes. What Christian does not lament the dark error of a Christian people when he thinks of the tortures so needlessly inflicted on the neutral French of that rural paradise.

Three miles further down is the Indian village of Papinachoix, subject to the Hudson Bay Company, and seldom visited except by fur-traders; though we were informed that parties sometimes drive out there from Cacouna, where you may enjoy the novelty of seeing Indians entering the village laden with rich furs.

An account of one of these drives, given to me on the cold morning when we entered the mouth of the Saguenay, called up associations particularly agreeable; and some of my lady-friends concluded they would like to open a commerce with Pappinachoix.

From Riviere du Loup we again crossed the St. Lawrence, and approached the long-wharf at Murray Bay. Here the good people, alarmed for our safety, were about fitting out a craft to search for us. Many had remained all night on the wharf watching our arrival. We understood that a fog, as deep as that we had encountered, had not occurred on this river during the eight years previous.

Leaving Murray Bay just before sunset afforded us another view of this fine landscape. Watching with intense delight the receding shore, we failed to notice sundry ominous clouds darting across the sky. Very soon, however, it became evident that the waters of the St. Lawrence are not in perpetual calm. But I have no fancy for a reminiscence of our rough passage over the Traverse. It is enough to add, that those long, dark clouds performed all they betokened, even to the most observing eye, and that I had an experience of a few hours which it is more pleasant to forget than to relate. I prefer a retrospect of the glorious sunrise which succeeded. When morning dawned, the eastern sky was decked in a drapery of resplendent hues, such as only Nature can paint. Fleeces of clouds, like crimson bathed in a flood of gold, lay all along the horizon. At length, in the early sunlight, we entered the harbor of Quebec.

Visiting various points of interest in this city my thoughts were again busy with the past. I reverted to that memorable tenth of August, the Festival of St. Lawrence, when the French explorer first came to 'a goodly great gulf, full of islands, passages, and entrances toward what wind soever you please to bend.' I might be traversing the very spot where, in the Indian *Stadacona*, three centuries since, stood the habitation of Donnacona, the 'great chief of the Canadas,' who went out to St. Croix, with his five hundred attendants, to welcome the Normans to his broad domain. Little did he then think that the guests he was entertaining with demonstrations of joy and hospitality would, ere long, hunt his people away from their native soil, dooming them to perish and be forgotten. Visited occasionally by Europeans in search of gold, the red man still lived for nearly a century in his wild freedom, until at length the French, tardily following up the discoveries of their early navigators, planted themselves on the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence.

Then began the contest between barbarism and civilization, idolatry and Christianity, which ended only with the extermination of the Indian, and gave to the French those splendid colonies which were destined, in process of time, to enrich the dominion of their proudest foe.

From the Plains of Abraham I looked on that magnificent river below the immense precipice, rushing on to the ocean with its multitude of waters, and on either side the fertile plains, now stretching far away to the horizon, now bounded by lofty and rugged mountains. Taking into one view the wonderful panorama before me, I mentally exclaimed: 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him.'

Again, as the same glance revealed cultivated fields, and human habitations of every description, from the lordly mansion to the humble cottage, when I recollected the invincible fortress beyond, when I embraced in one view the various wonders which human agency had here accomplished, my thoughts were turned into a new channel.

'Man is, indeed, the noblest of his MAKER's works.' I thanked God for my identity with the being made after His own image, and with grateful heart resolved to accept the teachings which nature and humanity proffer for our instruction.

On the battle-ground, the monument points you to the spot where '*Wolfe died victorious.*' Here one could not, if he would, escape the most thrilling recollections. The pages of romance scarcely furnish a parallel with the daring adventure which won for the Anglo-Saxon race the dominion of the western world.

From the distant citadel my eye wandered to that tangled path leading up the precipitous height from Le Foullon, now Wolfe's Cove. I gazed long and earnestly on the scene before me, then closing my eyes, went back in imagination to the night of September twelfth, 1759. I placed myself beside the great general in the boat which conveyed him, with some of his brave comrades, across the river. I listened to the only sound which broke the stillness of that 'star-lit night' — the voice of the warrior repeating, in low, musical tones, the poem\* to which his own encomium has added fame. While still intent on the great work before him, he gave vent to the enthusiasm of his æsthetic nature. He 'would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' How exquisitely beautiful — how full of import — are these words, coming from the mouth of that brave officer; the man whom, for his daring courage and patriotism, among other peculiar qualities, William Pitt had selected to command the expedition which he foresaw might become, as it did, the crowning glory of his own administration.

Even when Wolfe landed at the foot of that overhanging cliff, how fearful were the odds against him! A single alarmed sentinel might have summoned the enemy from their entrenchments, before the heights could have been gained; then all would have been lost. Again, who could have foreseen, in the hitherto discreet and skilful Montcalm, that 'mysterious impulse' which led him to hazard a battle on the open plain?

Had he retired within his fortress you and I, dear reader, might now have been repeating our Ave Maria; for it was a religious as well as a political contest, which ended on the day when the British flag was first planted upon the citadel of Quebec.

A delightful drive of nine miles up the St. Lawrence, in view of many elegant country-seats and richly-tilled farms, brought us to Cap Rouge, at the mouth of a river which bears the same name. It was at this town, occupied by a detachment of the British army, in the spring of 1760, that a company of grenadiers, who had been out to reconnoitre, returning in the night were attacked by their own comrades, who took them to be French. The error was not discovered until, as history informs us, more than twenty of their number had fallen.

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\* GRAY'S Elegy.



The place is now a general dépôt for the lumber produced by the adjacent country.

I would recommend to the reader a visit to this beautiful town. Should he have the good fortune to meet, as we did, with the kind hospitalities of Mr. Jeffrey and his amiable family, to whom we were hitherto entire strangers, I am sure he would thank me for the suggestion. It was my ideal of genuine old English courtesy and Scotch hospitality. The picturesque view without, and the genial comfort within, brought to mind the Scotch bard's description of Loch Katrine's Isle and of Lady Margaret, when

'Most welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unasked his birth and name.'

In the valley of the St. Charles, our attention was directed to a pretty white monument in process of erection, by the French and English, to the brave men who fell on both sides during the siege of Quebec. The bones of many of these have been exhumed within the last two years. I like such reverence for the memory of the dead. From a cliff overhanging the cove, which receives the waters of the Montmorenci from a perpendicular height of three hundred feet, we had another view of these Falls.

Every one knows that the Montmorenci Falls are worth visiting, but all have not learned — at least I did not know — that the 'natural steps' bordering the river, several miles above the falls, present a feature of remarkable and peculiar interest.

We were led thither from a little French inn, on the highway, by a narrow and *not* well-beaten path. Making our way through a dense wood, which skirts the river-bank, we found ourselves upon a table-rock of smooth granite, immediately on the margin of the stream. We descended a single step below our first platform to a second stone of equal finish and regularity. Again and again we descended in the same direction, and with similar facility. As far as the eye could reach, this succession of steps continued, combining convenient regularity with beautiful variety. Delicate little flowers grew from the crevices of the rocks. The steps are shaded on one side by a rich growth of evergreen. On the other, a few feet in a right line below their summit, the transparent water flows in myriads of eddies to the chasm beyond.

Throughout my Canadian trip I admired the solidity of the public works; also the absence of ornament on the exterior of both public and private buildings. The wharves, even of the smaller towns, where there is scarcely enough commerce to pay the interest on their first cost, are so firmly and commodiously built as to attract general observation. They are constructed by the government.

In the new and beautiful steamer 'Montreal,' Captain Rudolf, we again faced the rapid current of the St. Lawrence. After another day, and a night of repose at the 'Montreal House,' we left Canada at sunrise, and, hurried on by the usual flight of steam over rail-road and lake, before six o'clock P.M., on the same day, we rejoined our friends at Congress-Hall, Saratoga.

In closing this imperfect sketch, I perceive that I have but very poorly described events and emotions that will be cherished always in my memory, that I have failed to convey to others a fair impression of the scenes now so vivid in my own mind. I can only urge the reader to go and see for himself; and if from the visit he receives one half the enjoyment I have had, he will be rewarded an hundred-fold for his toil.

A. B. C.

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T H E   L E G E N D   O F   M A R G R E T H E .

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‘THERE was once a fair princess, who, at a feast, danced twelve knights to death; but the thirteenth coming up, cut her girdle, and she died, whom the darts of love had never wounded.’ — A DANISH TRADITION.

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SOFTLY fell the shrouding snow,  
Frozen lay the river's flow,  
Heaven was hid, the moon was low;  
But the warm joy-fires burned brightly,  
And the flaming torches lightly  
Flickered to-and-fro:  
MARGRETHE!

Roughly raved the stormy sea,  
And the wind howled mournfully  
Round thy castle by the sea;  
But the minstrels carolled loudly,  
And the trumpet-blast blew proudly,  
Harps rang merrily,  
MARGRETHE!

Gayly gleamed the banquet-hall;  
Banners from the roof did fall,  
Floating o'er each blazoned wall;  
Noble, knight, and Norland chieftain  
Gathered to that festal meeting,  
For thy glance or smile competing,  
Queen of love with all,  
MARGRETHE!

Oh! thou wert a princess fair!  
Lustrous locks of golden hair,  
Rippling o'er white shoulders bare;  
And thy sweet eyes, softly shining,  
Mocked the gems, gay robes confining —  
Blue beyond compare,  
MARGRETHE!

Then thou movedst down the hall:  
‘Honored guests! brave chieftains all!  
Noble knights! on you I call —

You, who to this festal meeting  
Came, for my poor hand competing,  
Snowy prize, and small,  
MARGRETHE!

'Hear me vow, by truth's sweet sake!  
One among you will I take,  
And my wedded master make.'  
Loud the chieftains answered duly:  
'We thy choice will honor truly,  
For thine own sweet sake,  
MARGRETHE!'

'Choice, where all so worthy be?  
Dancing, who first wearies me,  
He my fated mate shall be.'  
Then the minstrels carolled loudly,  
And the trumpet-blast blew proudly,  
Harps rang merrily,  
MARGRETHE!

Thou didst wave thy little hand,  
With a gentle gesture bland,  
To the youngest of the band —  
BRUNHOLD, Langaard's bold defender,  
Noble chief, and brave and tender,  
Truest in the land,  
MARGRETHE!

Oh! but thou wert fair to see,  
When thy locks streamed wantonly  
Round thy white arms, tossing free;  
While thine azure eyes flashed brightly,  
And thy feet, like snow-drift, lightly  
Rose and fell with thee,  
MARGRETHE!

Loyal BRUNHOLD gazed on thee,  
And his blood ran burningly,  
And his heart throbbed joyfully.  
Full of joy, toward thee moving —  
Woe! the brave knight, true and loving,  
Sank down dead by thee,  
MARGRETHE!

Then arose, no wise dismayed,  
BJORN, in shining steel arrayed,  
Crying: 'Fain, O peerless maid!  
From this trial would I spare thee;  
But the ardent love I bear thee  
May not be delayed,  
MARGRETHE!'

Proudly thy celestial eyes  
Flashed on BJORN their mute replies.  
Oh! thou wert a regal prize!  
BJORN, with russet tresses hanging  
O'er his armor, shrilly clanging,  
Rudely forward hies,  
MARGRETHE!

In thy soft cheek rose a flame —  
 Not of love, or fear, or shame!  
 And thy lips breathed one dread name —  
 His, thy ruthless grand-sire royal —  
 SIEGFRIED, DEATH'S dread caterer loyal.  
 Soon the answer came,  
 MARGRETHE!

SIEGFRIED'S shield, upon the wall,  
 Glimmered o'er the banquet-hall.  
 Lo! the shield, hung high o'er all,  
 With a mighty sound descending,  
 Felleth BJORN, life and love ending  
 In that cruel fall,  
 MARGRETHE!

Hearken to the sea without!  
 Hearken to the tempest-shout!  
 Hear the wild wind, round and about,  
 And o'er the battlements, beating, breaking!  
 Tower and bastion strong are quaking  
 In the wizard rout,  
 MARGRETHE!

Angry hands at the casements beat,  
 Over the roof tramp stormy feet;  
 They drown the song of the harpers sweet —  
 Sea-spirits under the surges crying,  
 Storm-spirits through the rent air flying,  
 Loudly each other greet,  
 MARGRETHE!

Then, as though thy snowy breast  
 Were a soft and fragrant nest,  
 By some nightingale possest,  
 From thy lip of roses springing,  
 Floated such unearthly singing,  
 That each fated guest,  
 MARGRETHE,

Nearer thee, enchantress! pressed,  
 And the witching charm confessed  
 Of that magic melody;  
 While the tempest, lulled by thee,  
 Soothed and silenced, peacefully  
 Sighed itself to rest,  
 MARGRETHE!

Then a measure didst thou move,  
 Soft as summer, light as love,  
 Motion sweet as melody:  
 Ten brave knights rose trance'dly,  
 Shieldless, helmless, silently,  
 To dance for love of thee,  
 MARGRETHE!

With thy cruel beauty dight,  
 Moved a bodiless phantom light  
 Round each chief; each, vainly deeming  
 Thy blue eyes beside him beaming,  
 Followed but an airy seeming,  
 Raised by magic might,  
 MARGRETHE!

Weep, Odensee! never more  
 Shall thy knights, their perils o'er,  
 Tread with joy thy welcoming shore.  
 As the leaves in wintry weather  
 Blighted fall, so fell together  
     SINTRAM and JASOHR,  
     MARGRETHE!

JARL, THEODRIC, young SLAVVOLD,  
 LEULPH, and that Viking bold,  
 EDRIC, of the lance of gold,  
 Ere the dark and stormy dawning,  
 Lay beneath thy cruel scorning,  
     Pale and still and cold,  
     MARGRETHE!

When the pallid dawn of light  
 Gleamed above that castled height,  
 In the hall twelve chiefs were lying,  
 Done to death by thy beguiling:  
 ADALBERT, those charms defying,  
 Rose before thee, sternly smiling —  
     Stainless, fearless knight,  
     MARGRETHE!

'FREYAH, of the milk-white brow!  
 THOR, the mighty! hear me now:  
 Vengeance true with strength endow!  
 Guilty witch, of soul sin-laden!  
 False enchantress! curséd maiden!  
     Thou shalt keep thy vow,  
     MARGRETHE!

'DEATH alone can weary thee!  
 DEATH alone is worthy thee!  
 DEATH thy bridegroom bold shall be!  
 DEATH alone, the conquering chieftain,  
 Foremost in this fatal meeting —  
     DEATH thy mate shall be,  
     MARGRETHE!'

Then thy cold and cruel heart  
 Thrilled beneath an angry dart,  
 Sank beneath a piercing smart:  
 Wound so wild, to know no healing,  
 All the founts of life unscaling,  
     Love could ne'er impart,  
     MARGRETHE!

Out upon th' embattled heights  
 Sprang ADALBERT; aloud cried he:  
 'Hither, vassals! hither flee!  
 Come, and mourn twelve loyal knights!  
 Come, and raze the stains of slaughter!  
 Come, and shroud this devil's daughter  
     In the hungry sea!'  
     MARGRETHE!

C. FANNY M. RAYMOND.

*Pleasant Memories of the Old World.*

BY JAMES W. WALL.

A DAY'S WANDERING IN LONDON.

THE literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place, or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book so mighty in import, or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word, London. That is the talisman which opens the book of nature and of nations, while it sets before the observer the men of all ages and countries, both in respect of what they are and what they have done. Elsewhere one may contemplate a single feature or lineament of the great picture of man, but here they are altogether at once upon the canvas, singularly blended and confounded together, yet still strong, graphic, and perfect in all their peculiarities. London, considered by itself, without reference to the power and influence of the government, of which it is the chief locality, or of the extended ramifications of those people over whom its sway is extended, is a great nation in respect to the number of its population, and a mighty one when the wealth, intelligence, and concentration of that population is taken into the account.

This great city may present a sombre appearance amid the fogs of November, but one can form little conception of its brightness as seen in the vivid light of early morning in June. The solitary appearance of the streets of the mighty metropolis at such an hour, is singular and striking. With such a city we naturally associate crowds and bustle, and to be surrounded on all sides with the myriad habitations of man; and yet scarcely to behold a single being in the whole length of a street; to hear one's own footsteps echoing in the silence, excites singular emotions. The contrast too with the appearance of the same streets, when in the bright noon-day the restless tide of life throbs through their many arteries, is striking. No lumbering wagons, no unwieldy brewers' drays, no rumbling omnibuses, or dashing carriages, with their liveried attendants, disturb the silence. A costermonger's barrow, who is wending his way to Billingsgate for a supply of fish; a butcher's cart rattling along to the well-stocked market, may perchance be seen; or a solitary newsman is already on the alert; while a yawning printer wearily bends his steps homeward from his nocturnal labors.

The general effect of the minor details of the public buildings of London may now be seen to the best advantage. In the light of the yet untainted atmosphere, the mouldings and cornices are discerned with unusual distinctness. The picturesque spires and towers of Sir Christopher Wren stand out in bold relief against the sky, while the more harmonious proportions of his noble works are exhibited to the best advantage. In the more ancient parts of the city, where some of the houses are still of wood, with quaint over-hanging stories, many an antiquated



piece of wood-carving strikes the eye at this hour, which in the bustle and crowd of noon would ordinarily escape attention. Even your most frequented haunts will, in the smokeless air of this silent hour, present many new points of interest and beauty. Not the least interesting is it, while sauntering along some quiet street at this early hour, or exploring some untrodden nook, to call to mind the men who by their virtues and genius have hallowed the spot, or the stirring events which in days gone by have given celebrity to the locality. Here was the residence of some celebrated divine; there the school where the talents of some world-renowned genius first developed; beneath the shadow of that cloud-piercing spire sleeps a poet, whose fame the world will not 'willingly let die;' in that old, grotesque house, with its strange carved work over the antiquated windows, died a celebrated author; here stood formerly the gate of the city, and there is the site of its ancient wall.

London may be seen to great advantage from many of its noble bridges that span the Thames. Among them may be mentioned Blackfriars, observed from which, St. Paul's has by far the most imposing effect, while some of the more ancient parts of the city lie in close proximity. But by far the finest point of observation is from Waterloo Bridge, from which the view on a clear, bright morning is magnificent. Beneath you, in Wordsworth's charming words,

'The river wanders at its own sweet will.'

The thickly-clustered houses on every side proclaim the vast population of the city, and the numerous towers and steeples, more than fifty of which, together with five bridges, are visible from this spot, testify to its immense wealth. The features of the south shore on the right hand are comparatively flat and uninteresting, there being on this side of the river few other buildings beside timber-wharfs, tall chimneys, and erections belonging to the worst part of London. The ancient church of St. Mary Overies, with its four-pointed spires and square tower, is the only point of interest. There the good old poet Gower, Chaucer's 'honored master,' sleeps, awaiting the resurrection-morn; there reposes Cardinal Beaufort, that wealthy and ambitious prelate, whose death-bed has been painted by Shakspeare in such awful colors:

'LORD-CARDINAL, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope:  
He dies, and makes no sign!'

Beneath its venerable roof assembled the Papist commission to try heretics, and on its sacred floor, Smithfield's noblest martyr, Rogers, received the sentence of death by fire. Within its hallowed cemetery, close by its ancient wall, sleeps 'Beaumont's twin worthy,' Fletcher, while in close communion with such honored dust lies Massinger.

On the north shore of the river, the features of the view are impressive in the extreme. In the fore-ground, with its noble terrace overlooking the water, Somerset House stretches magnificently along the river. Farther on, Temple Gardens, with their trees and verdure down to the water's edge, contrast refreshingly with the masses of brick and stone around. Glancing over the graceful steeple of St. Bride's Church,

St. Paul's towers above every object, as it were, with paternal dignity, its huge cupola forming the most imposing feature in the scene. Behind these, among a cluster of spires and towers, rises the tall shaft of that monument which 'lifted its head to lie,' when it ascribed the great fire of London to the Papists; and there, in gloomy magnificence, you may behold the once great state prison of England, the Tower, so pregnant with associations of the romantic and fearful, while the extreme distance presents a bristling forest of masts, belonging to every nation. Turning westward, and looking up the river, several objects of interest meet the eye. The Lambeth shore is marked by little except a lion-surmounted brewery, which somewhat relieves its monotony. The sombre dome of Bethlehem Hospital is seen behind, fraught with the most gloomy associations, while Lambeth Palace rears its towers in the distance, interesting as the scene of so many church councils, and within whose walls Wyckliffe, the first Reformer, read his startling doctrines, after he had been previously cited at St. Paul's. On the opposite side is the interesting locality of the Savoy, reminding us of good old Geoffrey Chaucer; for here he resided so long under the protection of the Duke of Gaunt and his amiable Blanche. Here he composed some of the sweetest of his poems.

Still farther on stands Hungerford market, with its graceful suspension-bridge, while behind rise the column of Nelson and the towers of Westminster, the great national Walhalla. At the back of Whitehall may be seen the gardens of the aristocracy, reaching down to the river's brink, and forming a pleasing feature in the scene; and there too you may observe the new Houses of Parliament, stretching their vast length along the water-side, with a dignity and grandeur befitting their high destination.

As the busy eye glances around from spot to spot, and from spire to spire, how the recollections of the past crowd upon the mind! The Tower, which forms so prominent a feature in the distance, how much of history and romance does it suggest to the mind! Kings, queens, statesmen, and patriots form the almost unbroken line of its captives for five or six centuries. There is hardly a single great event in English history where this terrible edifice does not loom out in fearful distinctness, and scarce an ancient family in England to which the Tower has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.

How many associations are awakened at the sight of Temple Gardens! There, in former times, proudly lived in splendor the Knights Templar; and the admirers of the 'Essays of Elia' will not forget that close by was the residence of good Charles Lamb. Farther on, and near the water-side, stands the little chapel where Milton was baptized; and nearly opposite, on the other side of the river, is the site of the celebrated 'Globe Theatre,' so intimately connected with the lives and early fortunes of Shakespeare and 'rare Ben Jonson.'

The sight of the venerable towers of Westminster awakens a strange interest. There are crowned the monarchs of England, and there, all pomp, power, and vanity gone, they moulder away like the humblest of their subjects. There sleep Elizabeth and Mary, the oppressor and op-

pressed, the destroyer and her victim. There, too, side by side, sleep Fox and Pitt, as Scott sings :

‘THERE, taming thought to human pride,  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side :  
Drop upon Fox’s grave the tear,  
’T will trickle to his rival’s bier.’

What moving scenes have broken the lengthened shadows which the high-piled pillars throw over aisle and choir ! the christenings, coronations, marriages, and funerals of departed monarchs, who have returned to the dust from whence they came. Light and darkness, summer and winter, have brightened and deepened thousands of times over the shadowy crypts in which their ashes repose. Every thing grand and imposing is swept away except the mighty monuments, which scarcely seem the work of human hands ; they rise like images of eternity, ever bending and keeping watch over their silent graves.

But leaving the Bridge, where such an interesting view spreads out before the eye, we direct our steps toward Hungerford Stairs. The barges moored side by side and putting into the stream have little safety, and still less convenience ; but a glance around us, when we have reached the last of them, affords abundant amusement. A small knot of people in one corner have been momentarily increasing, evidently waiting for a special boat. A portly matron with a collection of well-stored baskets ; a group of city-reared children, cared for by a very small Cinderella-like serving-maid ; a thin nervous gentleman, and ourselves make up the party, bound for different points along the river Thames. We start off in one of the dingy-looking steamers with great rapidity. Let us note as rapidly as the pace we are going, each point of interest as we pass. Look ! but a stone’s-throw from the pier is a water-gate, now out of use, and when the tide is low, beyond reach of the stream ; banks of mud surround it, on which here and there are thick, dank beds of reedy grass. That water-gate is clearly a by-gone, having out-lived its original purpose. That gate, the only remnant of a princely mansion, was designed by Inigo Jones, and in its day was vaunted as the most perfect specimen of architecture fashioned by his hand. It once was the river-gate of the palace of the Duke of Buckingham. The rustic basement and graceful columns still attest the taste and skill of the architect ; but cankered lock and rusty hinges tell that its day of usefulness is gone, with the old palatial mansion to which it was an appendage. Its aspect of neglect, if not of ruin, revives the memory of by-gone times and manners, and throws the mind back to the days when this bank of the river was lined by the mansions of the nobility ; when the strand from Temple Bar to Westminster was an open road, and the Thames was the king’s high-way between the Temple and Westminster Palace ; when each house fronting the stream boasted of its water-gate, and gilded barges floated on the tide, while liveried menials waited their lords’ pleasure at the stairs.

There are some interesting associations connected with this portion of the Thames. York-House, which once fronted the river almost at the very point from which we started, offers its share of stirring memories. The first breath of Francis Bacon was drawn within its walls, and

through its terraced walks he disported in his childhood. In York-House he passed his boyhood's happy days, and ere the sorrows of manhood had shaded his brow, he left it to engage in a vain strife for intellectual supremacy, and an empty worldly renown. Both were acquired and built up by the splendor of his achievements, and he returned to sacrifice to false ambition all his vaunted nobleness of purpose, after five and forty years of struggle against poverty, rivalry, envy, and last, though not least, against the baseness of his own moral nature. After nearly half a century spent in enduring duns and arrests for debt, suffering insult from Coke, his rival both in law and love, libelled by rumor, and frowned upon by his sovereigns, knowing that the good shunned him by instinct, and the bad, because they comprehended so well the small and base heart within him, he came back to the home of his birth and his boyhood. When again he left it, guards were around him, and he departed thence to the Tower. His domestics rose as he passed down the stairs. 'Sit down, my masters!' he exclaimed, 'Your rise has been my fall!' How bitterly must his soul at that moment have felt the degradation.

Next adown the stream stood Durham-House, the luxurious abode of Dudley of Northumberland, a spot most closely linked with the touching story of Lady Jane Gray. Here she lived, here she married, and from it was she tempted to the Tower, there to assume a crown she was destined so short a time to wear. From Durham-House, accompanied by her young and handsome husband, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of new-born royalty, did she take water in a gilded barge decked with banners, and moving to the strains of merry music. Where Durham-House stood, and where an eight months' drama of real life was played, we now see the Adelphi, a noble pile, raised upon foundations of immense depth and thickness.

And now we are approaching Waterloo Bridge, the finest in its proportions of any bridge in Europe. Where those coal-barges and coal-heavers ply their dingy trade, the ancient palace of the Savoy once reared its dark towers in all the pride of feudal magnificence. There the unfortunate John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers by the Black Prince, was held in gentle yet secure durance. About the same period John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' made the palace of the Savoy a residence, numbering the poet Chaucer in his retinue.

Clearing Westminster Bridge, Somerset-House displayed its imposing façade to the passenger on the river. Founded by the Protector Somerset, its princely magnificence aided the outcry against him, and before he had completed the palace, he died upon the block on Tower-Hill. Elizabeth-Catherine, the queen of 'the merry Monarch,' and Ann of Denmark, successively occupied this palace.

Quickly we pass the opening of Strand-Lane, a dirty court of no repute, and are soon opposite to the site of the palace where once lived the handsome and brave but headstrong Essex. Here audience was sought of him by princes, nobles, and ambassadors, when the sun-light of Elizabeth's favor was turned full upon him. Here the gallant court-favorite wore the love-token of his royal mistress, and from it he madly issued with an armed force to attack the city. That wild enterprise changed his abode from Essex-House to the Tower, ending for Essex in

a headless trunk upon Tower-Hill ; for his queen, a broken heart. In Devereux Court, fixed high in the wall of a tavern which I have visited, may yet be observed a bust of the Earl, in stone, the only token beyond the name of the street and court, of Essex-House. That tavern is 'The Grecian ;' hallowed now from the fact, that it was here that Steele, when the 'Tatler' first appeared, dated his articles, and where that improvident wit emptied many a bottle with Addison.

Next we may note the Temple Gardens and Temple Church, with its memories of the martial gatherings of Europe's early chivalry, to bear the Banner of the Cross, to shelter beneath its folds the Holy Sepulchre. Its circular church, built in imitation of the fane which in Jerusalem covers the tomb of CHRIST, was consecrated more than six centuries ago. Upon the floor still rest the sepulchral effigies of the Knights-Templar, whose bones are mouldering beneath. Temple Gardens is now an oasis in the desert of coal-barges and dingy-looking wherries, a spot still pleasant and cheerful as a promenade. It was here Shakspeare located the scene when those rose-emblems were plucked by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, that afterward developed in that civil strife, which deluged English soil with English blood. In latter days these Gardens were places of resort and solace to Johnson, Cowper, Goldsmith, and Lamb. The gentle Elia says: 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life near and in the Temple Gardens. Its church, its halls, its gardens, and fountains are of my oldest recollections. I repeat to this day no verses to myself with greater emotion than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.'

Passing the Temple and its associations, we give a hurried glance at some sooty-looking buildings with circular iron receivers. These form part of the numerous gas-works which make London the best lighted city in the world. These stand upon the very spot once occupied by the ancient sanctuary of the White Friars, peopled by Sir Walter Scott so graphically in his 'Fortunes of Nigel.' There his hero, like other fugitives from the talons of the law, obtained protection upon taking the rhyming oath :

'By spigot and barrel,  
By bilbo and buff,  
Thou art sworn to the quarrel  
For the blades of the huff.  
For White Friars and its claims,  
To be champion or martyr,  
And to fight for his dames  
Like a Knight of the Garter.'

Slash-bucklers and bullies have here now given place to coal-heavers, gas-men, and glass-blowers.

Soon we are under the shadows of Blackfriars Bridge. Clearing this, St. Paul's becomes the most noticeable object. The huge dome of the metropolitan cathedral is crowded round about by the spires and pinnacles of thirty other churches, many of them the products of the same genius that reared this rival of St. Peter's.

Soon we are approaching London Bridge ; and here we have, in all its perfection, the scene and stir of busy commerce ; crowded wharves, with huge cranes, still drawing richer cargoes into their deep recesses ;

barges floating by, laden almost to sinking with country produce. Close to this is the central spot, where

‘LOFTY Trade  
Gives audience to the world; the strand around  
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm:  
What bales! what wealth! what industry! what fleets!’

Now we shoot under the magnificent bridge of Southwark, the first structure of iron, in the shape of a bridge, ever built. How light and yet how strong its noble arches look! Almost in a line with the present roadway to this bridge, on the Surrey side, stood the Globe Theatre, the scene of Shakspeare’s first acquaintance with the sock and buskin, the place where he is said to have carried a wick to light the actors on that stage he was afterward destined to purify, enlighten, and illumine by the brighter rays of his genius.

Leaving Southwark’s iron bridge behind us, the turreted steeple of St. Mary Overies (the object of the excursion) towers up beyond. Our little boat is soon alongside the floating barge-built piers, where a dense crowd of passengers hustle each other in struggling to get first aboard. Elbowing our way up the steep ascent, we are soon standing in front of the modernized church of St. Mary Overies. In the olden time, long before the Conquest, a house of sisters was founded here by a maiden of the name of Mary, the daughter of the old ferryman. Toward the close of the fourteenth century it was restored by the poet Gower, Chaucer’s master, and recently has been again restored and modernized. The plan of this church is a simple one, being that of a cross. An old church is always a solemn place; the silence, the repose, almost unearthly, which broods there, dispose the mind to serious meditation, and, in the presence of the many memorials of the dead scattered around, no one can forget his mortality. In the south transept is the monument of old Gower. Upon it you may read: ‘Here lyes John Gower, a benefactor to this sacred edifice in the time of Edward III. and Richard II.’ On the purple and gold band, adorned with fillets of roses, encircling the head of the queer-looking effigy of the poet, are the words: ‘Merci Ihu;’ or, ‘Mercy Jesus.’ Three gilded volumes, labelled with the names of his principal works, support the head of the effigy. On the wall, at his feet, are his arms, and a hat, with a red hood, bordered with ermine and surmounted by his crest, a dog’s head. Near this monument, on a pillar at the side, may be seen a cardinal’s hat, with certain arms beneath. To that slight memorial is attached a long train of recollections, many of them being highly interesting. The arms are of the Beaufort family; the hat is that of Cardinal Beaufort, whose death-bed Shakspeare has so graphically painted. Immediately opposite Gower’s monument, we have another with a life-like bust of John Bingham, saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James. The complexion and features, the white ruff, dark jerkin, and red waistcoat of this saddler to royalty, are in admirable preservation. Crossing to the north transept, may be seen the monument to Dr. Lockyer, a famous empiric during the reign of Charles II. His effigy represents a very respectable-looking personage, attired in thick-curled wig and furred gown, pensively reclining upon some pillows, as if he half-doubted the truth of his own epitaph:



‘His virtues and his pills are so well known,  
That envy can’t confine them under stone.’

In the beautiful Lady Chapel, with its slender, tree-like pillars, sending off their countless branches until they form a perfect ‘contiguity of shade,’ sleeps the good Bishop Andrews, awaiting, in sure and steadfast hope, a glorious awakening.

But we cannot linger longer upon the solemn memories which float around this hoary pile; they would alone fill this communication; for Fletcher is buried here; so is Massinger, but not, as we supposed, in a gloomy corner, amid a mass of misshapen and melancholy graves, but within the sanctified area of the church.

Leaving St. Saviour’s, I instinctively turned toward that spot to which every lover of poetry is glad to direct his steps, the old Tabard Inn, the scene of the feasting of Chaucer’s Pilgrims. It was soon found, standing nearly opposite the modern Town Hall of Southwark. The exterior is simply a square, dilapidated gateway, its posts strapped with rusty iron bands, and its gates half-covered with sheets of the same metal. As I entered the ancient court-yard, the landlord greeted me, and I thought of those lines of Chaucer:

‘A seemly man ye hoste is withal.’

Merry doings were there in that old inn-yard, five hundred years ago; for Harry Baily, the hoste, was

‘THE early cock’  
That gathered them together in a flock.’

There is something extremely venerable in the old weather-beaten and iron-bound posts which prop up its comparatively modern gateway. They tell of the grazing and grinding of thousands of old wheels, while the stones are worn away with the trampings of many a steed. I was soon in the ‘Pilgrims’ Room.’ With due reverence I looked upon its venerable walls, its square chimney-pieces, and its quaint old panels, reaching to the ceiling. It is now cut up into small rooms, but in examining closely the chambers at each end, it was clear to be seen that they had all been formed out of one chamber. The whole appearance of the building is curious and quaint beyond description. ‘The Wife of Bath,’ the ‘Knight and his Son,’ the ‘Gentle Parish-Prieste,’ and the ‘Conceited Friar,’ with all the rest of that pilgrim-train, came thronging in; and, as I stood upon the ancient balcony, and looked down into the old court-yard, the scene so graphically described by Chaucer was before me. Returning, I stopped at the tap-room, and drained to the memory of old Geoffrey a mug of

‘Nappy strong ale of Southwark.’

What a forlorn-looking district is this of Southwark. Many of the houses, besides being old, are very large and lofty. Many of their courts stand just as they did when Cromwell sent out his spies to hunt up and slay the Cavaliers, just as they again were hunted after the Restoration. There is a smell of past ages about these ancient courts, like that which arises from decay, a murky closeness, as if the old

winds which blew through them in the times of the civil wars had become stagnant, and all the old things had fallen and died, just as they were blown together, and left to perish; so it is now. The timber of these old houses looks bleached and dead, and the very brick-work seems never to have been new. In them you find wide, hollow-sounding, decayed staircases, that lead into great ruinous rooms, whose echoes are only awakened by the shrieking and running of large black-eyed rats, which eat through the solid floors, through the wainscot, and live and die without being startled by a human voice.

In a few moments I was standing on London Bridge. What a crowd are coming and going over that vast thoroughfare; there hardly seems standing-room, and yet each one of the vast throng appears to have space enough. Just below, the dark-capped turrets of the Tower loom forth, with its grim memories and associations, its history as a fortress, a palace, and a prison. *Although the old memories that float about this locality would fill a volume, we have no time to dwell upon them now.* We have closed a day's wandering in London, physically wearied but mentally refreshed.

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THE CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

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BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

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PHILOSOPHER and bard have made it oft  
 The theme of thought and disquisition too,  
 Why we who live among the mountain-wilds  
 Should love our home, and cherish all its dear  
 And tender ties, far more than those who dwell  
 In warmer and in more luxuriant climes.  
 Why piercing winds and shrieking blasts should cause  
 Devotion's flame to burn more pure and high,  
 Than balmy breath of sunny, verdant isles;  
 For true it is, however hard to solve,  
 That if there be upon our native hills  
 One spot, more bleak and bare than all the rest,  
 'Tis this we love the best. . . . The rugged cliff  
 And bold out-standing rock, and frightful steep,  
 Are far more welcome to the eye than soil  
 That teems with Nature's choicest gifts.

The broad

Bright surface of the placid lake that lies  
 Embosomed in the circling hills, we love  
 To look upon, and may be proud to call  
 Our own. But 't is with nobler pride we gaze  
 Upon the tumbling, foaming torrent wild,  
 That dashes madly down the mountain gorge,  
 And say, with throbbing heart, 'T is this we love;  
 We love it for itself alone. And when  
 We may be called to part with all those dear  
 Familiar scenes, we find affection's ties  
 Are linked as firmly to the rock and glen,

As to the friends who can, by word and smile,  
Return endearing thoughts expressed.

But why  
Are prayer and penitence and lowly grace  
The favored offspring of our sterner clime  
And frowning skies?

We mark ties ever thus:

In winter's chill and icy reign, when hill  
And vale are stripped of all their beauteous robes;  
When every tree and shrub is naked, save  
Some dry leaves rustling on a shrivelled limb,  
All but the hemlock, pine, and hardy fir,  
Through whose green boughs the winds sigh moaningly;  
When depth on depth, o'er valley, field, and hill,  
Is heaped the drifted snow; when towering peak,  
Round which careering winds sweep madly, frowns  
More darkly on the snow-clad earth below;  
When huge, tall trees, the monarchs of the wood,  
That have for ages braved the tempest's wrath,  
Now beat upon by ruder blasts, uprooted  
Or snapped asunder, prone to earth are hurled  
With fearful groanings; when the stream that fell  
In summer down the precipice, with noise  
Like low and distant thunder, silent stands,  
A frozen cataract; when hedged with ice  
The river broad, that on its bosom bore  
The fisher's skiff, now bears the laboring train;  
For gazing on these scenes magnificent  
And terrible, our hearts are filled with awe:  
We bow in holy fear and silent prayer.  
But Spring with genial influence comes: her breath  
Dissolves the suows, the rill leaps laughing forth,  
And hastens on to swell the torrent's course.  
The river feels the rushing torrent's power,  
And gladly breaks stern Winter's icy chains;  
She wakes the sleeping Earth, and at her touch,  
The grass grows greenly up, the trees begin  
To bourgeon, and the fields are pranked with flowers.  
And who has seen the merry April shower,  
When dancing on the springing grass, and watched  
The curling bud and tender leaf unfold  
To drink the crystal drops, and give their first  
Fresh perfume forth, to bathe the zephyr's wing,  
And fill the air with fragrance; heard the songs  
Of birds from every bush and tree-top; seen  
The bright green moss o'erspread the crumbling rock  
And fallen tree, and heard some joyous sound  
From every living thing, and has not felt  
His heart beat warm with gratitude and love?  
The HAND that ruled the wintry wind, and quelled  
The raging storm, now leads the sun-shine forth,  
And Beauty glides o'er all the waking earth;  
'T is Nature's infancy, and Nature's moods  
Partake of childhood's changefulness; the skies  
Will smile and frown alternately, the frost  
And blight will fall, and then the genial shower.  
The wind will gently fan the flowers, and then  
Among the leafy boughs blow angrily.  
And when perfection crowns the scene, the bud  
Becomes the full-blown blossom, and the blade,  
The tender blade of spring, in waving fields,

Is bending to the summer breeze, and hill  
 And plain and vale are clothed in robes of rich  
 Luxuriance, our hearts o'erflow with joy  
 And love, our lips are tuned to songs of praise.  
 How glorious is the cloudless summer sky!  
 And when we see the sun majestic roll  
 At morn his chariot o'er the mountain-top,  
 Or blazing in the noon-day heaven, or spread  
 His gold and crimson o'er the western sky;  
 Or when her shadowy drapery Twilight drops  
 Along the western hills, and one by one  
 The stars appear like diamond points, till yon  
 Blue vault is studded with the myriad orbs,  
 Whose radiant beams in dazzling brilliance blend,  
 In adoration humbly bowing down,  
 What heart confesses not the wondrous God,  
 Whose power created all, whose arm upholds;  
 To whom angelic hosts their anthems raise,  
 And cherubim and seraphim attune  
 Their harps of praise, till all heaven's arches loud  
 Resound, 'Hosanna to the MIGHTIEST!'  
 Then autumn comes with nipping frost and blight,  
 And leaf and flower fall withering from their stem;  
 The landscape, late so gay in summer garb,  
 Now wears a russet robe; the forest trees  
 Assume a thousand gaudy hues, the sign  
 Of death and quick decay. The mountain-peak  
 In gloomy grandeur frowns, while round its sides  
 The clouds in dark, unmoving masses hang;  
 And where of late were heard the sound of life,  
 The hum of industry, the voice of bird  
 And bee, a solemn stillness reigns.

And now  
 How prone the mind to melancholy thoughts,  
 To musings sad, and dark imaginings!  
 With every faded flower and withered leaf  
 Some cherished hope seems stricken from our grasp.  
 I love the high and holy lessons taught  
 Thus in the ever-varying seasons' round;  
 I learn to adore the wonder-working God,  
 To look with cheerful hope and humble trust,  
 And steadfast faith to HIM, who knows no change,  
 For rest and happiness in yonder world,  
 The brightness of whose glory never fades.  
 The earthquake's shock, the thunder's awful voice,  
 The ocean's roar upon the storm-beat strand,  
 May drive the terror-stricken soul to bow  
 In supplication to a God who wields  
 The thunder-bolts and shakes the solid ground,  
 And rules the warring elements; but when  
 The storm hath ceased, the tempest's fury hushed,  
 The prayer, by fear inspired, is heard no more,  
 And mercy is forgotten by the soul  
 Which threatening judgments could alone subdue.

My heart be ever filled with gratitude  
 That I was cradled 'mid the mountain-wilds,  
 By murmuring streams and forest breezes lulled.  
 I love our season's never-resting change,  
 That lends new beauties to our varying scenes,  
 And plainly stamps on all His wondrous works  
 The goodness of the OMNIPRESENT GOD.

## SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

## DRUM-FISHING.

JUNE 12. — The Big Drum (*Pogonias Chromis*) undoubtedly derives its common name from its habit of emitting a dull, booming sound, which through lack of more descriptive language is called 'drumming.' The fish not only utters this sound while ranging the waters, but the fisherman is frequently startled thereby when he has at length landed a drum in his boat. This species is at times exceedingly plentiful in the sounds and bays of southern New-Jersey. Its figure is oval, and its eyes, inasmuch as they are remarkably full and staring, and as large as those of an ox, arrest the attention particularly. Its usual weight ranges from thirty to sixty pounds, although some few specimens have been taken whose dimensions were much larger. Its gullet or pharyngeals (to affect the scholastic phrase) are armed with plates of curiously-arranged, broad, flat, teeth, which are bluntly called 'crackers' by our country naturalists, since with these instruments the fish crushes the shells of the clams and crabs that form the greater portion of its food. The drum commonly swims in schools, and during the summer months it is frequently seen disporting in great numbers in our shoaler bays and coves, when the vigilant seine-fishermen hasten to drop their nets around the schools, and thus catch the fish by hundreds.

The most interesting fact, however, connected with the history of this species, is the determined resistance which it makes when hooked; and this is so vigorous and enduring, that rare sport is afforded to the bait-fisher thereby, and hence all lovers of the 'gentle art,' in this section of the country, are generally given to drum-fishing. As a rule the drum takes the bait only from the time when the dogwood begins to flower, until the setting in of the heats of summer. The channel-ways of the Delaware Bay are the fishing-grounds mostly resorted to, since the bottoms of these sluices, abound with oyster and muscle-beds, and thus supplying the drums with exhaustless quantities of food, become their favorite abiding-places. In fishing for drums, the angler uses a strong, thick, hempen line, measuring full sixty feet in length. His hooks should be of the same size as those with which the largest cod are taken, and made as fast to his line as possible. His bait of course consists of clams or crabs.

Beside his fishing-gear and dinner-kettle, the drum-fisherman before engaging in his favorite sport, will not fail to avail himself of his entire stock of patience, and likewise of a staunch, sea-worthy boat. Having reached the fishing-grounds, (which in the Bay lie from one to three miles from shore,) he divests three or four clams of their shells, binds them fast to his hook with a thread, casts his heavily-led line over-board, (rather on the edge of the channel where the water ranges

from twelve to fifteen feet in depth, than in the middle where it is deeper,) and when his hook has struck the bottom, he gathers his line taut between his thumb and finger, and thus waits for what shall betide. At times he will pass the entire day without even getting so much as a nibble, which fortune proves the quality of his patience most severely; but more commonly the drums take the bait freely throughout their whole season, and if the fisherman is careful to be on the ground at the beginning of the ebb, and the beginning of the flood-tides, he will be almost certain to get plenty of bites, and his skill must be greatly at fault should he fail to hook his fish. While first engaging with the bait, the drum nibbles quite coyly thereat; but if undisturbed it soon gains confidence, and firmly seizing the morsel with its thick lips, bears it away, when with a sudden jerk the fisherman buries the hook in its maw, and now a scene of the most exciting description begins at once; for no sooner does the fish find itself fast, than it rushes off with the utmost frenzy through the water, until forty feet or more of the humming line is drawn through the fisherman's fingers; when, finding escape unattainable in that direction at least, it turns and possibly darts directly toward the boat like an arrow. This is a most critical period with the fisherman, for he must now gather in his line so swiftly that it shall still be taut on the fish, for if this be not the case, he runs great danger of losing it, either by having the hook shaken from its mouth, or the line broken by some sudden jerk. Before reaching the boat the fish will probably come up to the top of the water, and madly lash the waves with its tail for a moment, (its yellow sides gleaming in the sun-light like gold the while,) then plunging down with fresh terror, it perhaps shoots beneath the boat, attempting escape in that quarter. Notwithstanding the evident awkwardness of the position in which the fisherman finds himself by this last movement of the fish, if he preserves his coolness, and judiciously pays out his line, there is but little danger that his prey will thus break from him, and ere long it is led from under the boat to take a fresh plunge in another range. Thus shooting backward and forward with the utmost swiftness, darting to the top of the waves and lashing them into spray, and between whiles straining and jerking on the taut line with a power that brings runaway horses and hard-mouthed mules vividly before the mind, the hooked drum will commonly amuse and exercise the fisherman for a full half-hour before surrendering. Even when the fisherman has drawn his drum up to the side of the boat, he dare not count on his game until both hands are fast in its gills; for in the convulsions which follow its contact with the air and light, the fish frequently either snaps the line, or disengages itself from the hook, and of course makes good its escape.

Once landed into the boat, the drum practises its last round of ground and lofty tumblings most vigorously for a few moments, but ere long the bright yellow of its sides fades into purple hues, its flapping tail and gaping jaws become weaker and weaker, and gradually it yields up the ghost.

Whether the hooked drum weighs thirty or eighty pounds, it affords the same amount of sport to the fisherman, and some of our most respectable authorities declare that, as a rule, the smaller fish are the most



vigorous and difficult of management. In still, shoal water, however, its power and activity are far less enduring than in the free, cool currents of the channel-ways.

So highly enjoyed is drum-fishing among our bait-fishers, that on almost any day at this season of the year, one may count fifteen or twenty well-manned boats moored within ear-shot of each other on the fishing-grounds. As the greater number of the fishermen are neighbors and old acquaintances, they know no restraint whatever in each other's company, and in our bluff country fashion bandy the broadest jokes about, drink each other's health in free draughts of undiluted whiskey, and as each man hooks a drum, his success is announced by jocund cheers on every side; nay, further than this, the manner in which he 'plays' his fish is so sharply and loudly criticised, that if the angler can refrain from wishing every mother's son of his 'brethren in the art,' engulfed for a season in the Maelström, he is 'gentle' indeed.

We know of no sport or pursuit which more pointedly illustrates the value of patience and self-control than drum-fishing. When the fish refuse the bait, or when the tide is at such a stage that they have not commenced 'running,' the hot-headed, impetuous piscator soon loses all interest in his occupation, and becoming restless and enraged falls to swearing most dismally; nay, possibly he takes to drink so deeply, that by the time the fish begin to bite he is either *hors du combat*, or has picked a quarrel with some 'peaceful angler' in a neighboring boat, and gone ashore to fight it out. Admitting that Impetuoso has the good fortune to hook a fish, he probably commences to battle and struggle so ferociously as to endanger the safety of the boat, and what with his greedy attempts to haul the fish in by main strength, he is almost certain to get a snapped line for his pains, when over-board goes whatever of its length remains in his hands, and every thing in the universe, his own stupidity excepted, is for a season well rated and belabored with the choicest of the proscribed idioms of our tongue. The worshipful and skilful fisher knows no such absurdities. Yesterday, when an increasing love for the sport had led us to devote a few hours to drum-fishing, we were anchored at but a little distance from a fisherman of high fame along our shores, and at length we had ample opportunity to see after what fashion it was that he had won his renown. He was a thin, dried-up, mahogany-colored old fellow, and with his line nicely adjusted in his hand, he calmly and silently gazed into the mystical deep before him for some three hours before getting a bite: at the end of this period, a sudden jerk that he gave with his hand was followed by a humming on the part of his line which declared most emphatically that he had hooked a fish; and now without even so much as changing his position, he 'played' the drum in all directions for more than twenty minutes, and at length merely reaching forward a little, tumbled a sixty-pound fish into the boat. This masterly skill and calm collected manner, characterized the old gentleman as long as he continued his sport; and while the greater number of the other fishermen were bawling, halloaing, breaking their lines, and losing their fish, he ere night had taken twelve drums whose aggregate weight amounted (as we have since heard) to over six hundred pounds, with the same coolness as if he had been opening clams in his own door-way.

Drum-fishing is not altogether unattended with danger; for at times sudden squalls arise, and sweep across the Bay with such force that exceedingly angry seas set through the channel-ways, whereby the boats are at times over-turned and the fishermen placed in situations of no little peril. It is to guard against this danger that the drum-fisherman should be mindful of the sea-worthiness of his boat, and moreover he will carefully study the signs of the weather while enjoying his sport.

To those who are in the habit of dining upon salmon and trout, fresh from the icy streams and lakes of our mountain-ranges, a meal upon the Pogonias that had been merely boiled, would doubtless seem quite insipid; but when the fish has been prepared for the table by the triumphant hand of Art, the case is far otherwise; for the disciple of St. Soyer, who clearly comprehends the culinary capabilities of the drum, will carve its sides into delicate steaks, and fry the same in a batter artfully composed of eggs and crushed cracker; and this dish when seasoned with sauces of the best London brands — inasmuch as it reminds one of veal cutlets that have been furnished by calves fed solely on thyme and violets — would scarcely be cavilled at by that most fastidious of all epicures, namely, the rake who has attained the ripe age of twenty years, and has just returned from a three weeks' stay in Paris.

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THE WHEAT-HARVEST.

JULY 4. — Living as we do in a retired and thickly-wooded portion of the country, removed from the example of villages, and the professional exhortations of pot-house politicians, the anniversary of our country's birth receives at best but little of the grateful notice due from our hearts; but at the present recurrence of the festival we have been more than usually forgetful of its memories and celebrity, inasmuch as our granaries are quite empty, and the desire to replenish them at the earliest moment has led us to commence harvesting our wheat, which crop, after more than six months of anxious watchfulness and care, has at length become ripe. And though the popping of no squibs or ginger-beer resounds throughout our fields and woods, yet are the hearts of the husbandmen filled with joy and gladness, for every hour of the last few hot summer-days fell with gold on the wheat-fields, and the fulness and excellence of their present maturity have not been matched for many a year.

Until within the last few years our small grains were gathered with the sickle; but latterly this simple and poetical instrument has given place to the 'cradle,' a machine of no little ugliness and complication of structure, but which, in the hands of an apt and practised laborer, does its work with far greater expedition than its predecessor, and therefore is better adapted to the headlong hurry of the age.

A love for the wages of two dollars per diem, a yearning for fat victuals, and a vanity to display high skill with an awkwardly-contrived instrument, all combine to render 'harvest-time' a highly attractive season to our Jersey cradlers; and their services are so much in request, that what with working on this farm and the other, a family of three

or four stout, industrious brothers, frequently swing their cradles together for some thirty or forty successive days, and earn some sixty or eighty dollars each before the general crop is secured.

In the afternoon preceding the day on which the cradlers are to commence cutting his grain, the farmer and his family fall hotly to work preparing for the great event. While the head of the house kills a sheep, and some six or eight chickens, and drives off to the nearest village for a gallon of whiskey, and some crackers and cheese, the wife and daughters churn butter, pick cherries and currants, set bread-dough to 'rising,' and make generous 'batches' of pies and cakes, with the greatest skill attainable to them, (for they would scarcely survive the moment, should the cradlers hint of having eaten or drunk better in any other house;) and when the pies and cakes are baked, the mutton is cut into broiling and roasting-pieces, the cows are driven home from the pasture and milked, the pigs are fed, and at the approach of sundown, when the farmer has returned home, he finds a 'picked-up' supper ready, and ere the last violet-hue of the twilight changes to gray, every body in the house lies snug in bed.

On the morrow the household rises long before the sun, and when the farmer has built a roaring fire in the wide kitchen fire-place, his 'women-folks,' with their hair smoothly brushed, and dressed in clean calico frocks, make a descent from their bed-rooms, and at once pinning up their sleeves, fall to work with a strong determination to distinguish themselves, if possible; and ere a half-hour has elapsed, the long oak table is spread in the coolest nook of the kitchen, covered with a snow-white cloth, and decorated with numerous fanciful plates of butter, pickles, and preserves; the 'four-quart coffee-pot' sits among the ashes on the hearth, sending forth a spicy perfume; the gridirons by its side sustain many a broad, hissing mutton-chop and slice of bacon; while from the andirons and chimney-sides, within a proper distance of the flames slants many a tin pan, each containing a long thin sheet of hot and delicately-browning johnny-cake.

Ere long, as Phœbus begins to light up the east, the brown, lantern-jawed cradlers, bearing their implements, and followed by two or three boys, (who are to glean the wheat and bind it into sheaves,) come into the yard, all wearing the utmost of that characteristic swagger, through which our laborers hope to strike the world with a fearful sense of their independence of spirit; and after the cradles have been carefully hung on the fence, the parties enter the house, haughtily salute the farmer and his family, utter a few gruff prognostications concerning the weather, and when each man has speedily and thanklessly swallowed a neat dram of whiskey, the whole company, without farther invitation, sit down to the table, while the house-wife proceeds to furnish supplies of coffee, and the girls swiftly serve the fragrant viands.

Having filled themselves to the gullet, the cradlers evidently become better-humored, and leaving the house with comparative mildness, they fall to examining the strength and fastenings of their cradles with the greatest possible care, and afterward proceed to 'whet-up' for full fifteen or twenty minutes. When the sharpening process has been satisfactorily completed, (and on this point all cradlers are extremely

precise ; for the best of them assert, that in cradling, the man is but little in comparison with the implement,) they follow the farmer to his wheat-field, and having rolled up their shirt-sleeves, and given their cradles another examination, and a few finishing strokes with the rifle or whetstone, the most skilful hand among them artfully desires to know 'which cradle is to begin?' This question universally leads to a general dispute ; for the most efficient cradler, with the completest mock-modesty, and through a desire to hear himself praised, is sure to protest that his cradle is 'the poorest on the ground,' while the remainder of the party firmly declare and asseverate, that no work will be done by those who value whole heels until the best hand concludes to begin. At last a word from the farmer decides him who is actually the superior workman to advance into the standing grain ; and after this delicate personage has made a few cuts, the next as to skill follows at his side in the rear, and so on until all have fallen in. In a few moments the boys commence gathering the severed wheat, and binding it into sheaves, and the farmer sets himself on the fence to watch the progress of the work.

While thus engaged, his eye naturally ranges across his ample field ; and scanning many an acre of golden wheat-heads, bending heavily down as if laden with shot, he is reminded of the prices of the grain-market, and computes the number of dollars which promise ere long to swell his money-bag. After an hour or more of these pleasant ruminations, his sense of satisfaction and thankfulness becomes so lively and uncontainable, that, knowing no better method of venting the same for the moment, he sends one of the boys to the house for the whiskey-jug, and some crackers, pies, and cheese, resolved that the cradlers at least shall partake of his happiness and have no cause whatever to complain of his hospitality either in the house or field.

When the boy returns, the cradlers seize upon a goodly portion of eatables, and pass round the jug with signs of high satisfaction, (the boys in the mean time not failing to take right good care of themselves ;) the farmer in his turn cordially drinks a universal health, and with hearts and stomachs steadily warming, all have soon fallen to the broadest joking and most lusty mirthfulness. At length, suddenly reflecting that he is encouraging the men to withhold from their work, the farmer frames some light excuse to cover his withdrawal, and, setting the whiskey-jug under a tree near at hand, departs for his neighbor's harvest-field, to see how affairs progress in that quarter. Having reached his neighbor's field, he finds his neighbor retiring from a ceremonial precisely similar to that in which he himself has but just assisted ; and after interchanging the ordinary salutations of the day, much more warmly than usual, the two twinkling-eyed friends (well sweetened with liquor as they are) fall to tickling each other most deliciously for awhile. Each in turn praises the other's horses, crops, and stock ; each avows himself a convert to the other's methods of farming and management ; and when these topics are exhausted, the present wheat-crop comes up again, and each relates, in his happiest manner, how well he remembers the difficulties connected with the other's sowing ; how beautifully and ingeniously the land was ploughed ; with what unparalleled

skill it was harrowed ; how every body declared that, treated thus and so, no land whatever could grow wheat ; and finally how, thus served, that very land had actually raised a crop, whose equal was never seen in the whole county.

Mutual flattery and appreciation so sweet as this can of course only be brought to a graceful close by the aid of the whiskey-jug ; and ere long the visitant farmer takes his homeward way, as happy as a cricket, and overflowing with universal love. Arrived in his own wheat-field again, he finds the weight of the whiskey-jug has considerably lessened during his absence, the cradlers, although making a show of work, in reality do little more than whet their cradle-scythes, and explode in horse-laughter, and the binders appear to be altogether given over to wrestling, or throwing stones at blackbirds. Although the farmer is himself in too merry a mood to allow serious thoughts to have much sway with him, yet his mere coming somewhat restrains the reigning tom-foolery, but at best little or no work is done ere the dinner-horn is blown, when, after another pull at the whiskey-jug, and a cool wash at the well, all hands sit down to roasted mutton, broiled chickens, and cherry pies.

Dinner over, the cradlers are fain to lie down beneath the trees in the house-yard, and covering their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs fall asleep. Between two and three o'clock they wake up again, feeling intensely lazy and ill-tempered ; for their morning's work has left them somewhat sore, while the exhilaration of their whiskey has given place to a corresponding depression. Going to the field again, however, they take another swig of whiskey and fall to work, while the farmer superintends and directs the efforts of the boys. Ere the cradlers have cut their way across the field twice or thrice, the perspiration stands in beads upon their brows, the backs of their shirts are streaked with moisture, and they feel restored and like themselves again. Aware of the necessity of sustaining their reputations for being good and trusty workmen, they become somewhat ashamed of their foolishness of the morning, and, in order to retrieve themselves while there is yet time, the whistling cradle-scythes are swept swiftly through the wheat, and the grain comes down an armful at a stroke. Swarth after swarth and swarth after swarth quickly stretch their golden lines across the field ; the binders, too, drip with sweat, and the sheaves grow apace. And now that the binders are soberly at work, their operations deserve more than a mere passing notice ; for while one or two of the boys, with their mischievous heads running on some quail's nest, or turtle-ditch, may perhaps bind the grain loosely and awkwardly together, others display their inherent love for art and the beautiful, and secure the sheaves with wreaths as fair as any that ever graced the snowy brows of Ceres.

As the sun begins to decline, a cool invigorating breeze comes from the ocean, and the cradlers work with more zeal than ever, lest the time might come when it should be darkly insinuated that they once accepted wages which were not fully earned. You hear no jokes or laughter escape them now, but in the place thereof deep imprecation, and the short, angry ring of the whetstone and rifle fall on the ear. Faster and

faster the scythe-blades whistle, and faster and thicker the grain-heads drop. And these lantern-jawed Jerseymen will not fail in their purpose either, for their sinews are like steel, and their professional pride is as dogged as that of any Bayard or Lion-Heart.

At sun-down (when a good day's work has been fairly brought to a close) the girls come from the house, and every body hastens to set up the sheaves in large tent-like shocks. This finished, a good supper of cold meat, currant-pie and flapjacks is discussed, when the cradlers are fain to retire for the night, as the morrow's sun will not rise ere they are in the wheat-field again.

TO A NEW BOTTLE OF INK

I.

Who knows what mighty secrets lie  
 Within thy dark recess, sealed up?  
 How many a breast shall heave a sigh,  
 How many a face with smiles light up  
     At thy reports?  
 What varied news thy drops shall bear,  
 Glad messages of joy and love;  
 Of dire affliction, grief, despair:  
 Ah! what deep springs of feeling move  
     In human hearts!

II.

What trifles thou 'lt be wasted on:  
 A letter, essay, poem, tale,  
 Which stranger eyes shall idly con,  
 When all employment else shall fail,  
     And *friends* shall prize.  
 And things of moment thou 'lt impart,  
 The gay afflict, the anxious calm;  
 Bear joy or woe to many a heart,  
 Perhaps some noble thought embalm,  
     That never dies!

III.

Fit emblem thou of human things,  
 As from thy murky contents flows  
 A hasty scrawl, that haply brings  
 Both lively joys and crushing woes,  
     So 't is on earth:  
 From many a trivial thing in life  
 Great things and widely diverse come;  
 Benignant Peace and deadly Strife,  
 The princely hall and pauper's home  
     One cause gives birth.

KARL KERN



*Fantasia: from Russian Themes.*

DOCTOR ROMANOFF AT SILISTHIA.

DOCTOR ROMANOFF swore that the 'sick man' was nigh  
 To his uttermost gasp, and must certainly die;  
 And longing to steal a sly march upon DEATH,  
 And a *post-mortem* snatch ere the patient's last breath,  
 He out with his scalpel, as who should say nay,  
 And fain at the live corpse went slashing away.  
 With that, springing up, like a JACK-in-the-box,  
 On the Doctor it poured such a tempest of knocks,  
 Right and left warding off, left and right plumping in,  
 Banging ribs, bleeding nose, bunging eyes, bruising chin,  
 That the royal Sangrado, made wise by hard whacks,  
 Was glad to cut out of the ring, and make tracks:  
 And 't was fun to behold how his coat-tail, in sooth,  
 Stuck straight out behind, as he dashed o'er the Pruth.  
 The moral our story 's intended to teach  
 Is this: that whenever an ambitious leech  
 Would rip up a sternum, or stave in a head,  
 He first should make sure that his 'subject' is dead.

SEBASTOPOL: A MILESIAE EPISTLE.

DID ye iver hear tell of Sebastypole?  
 By the powers of mud! 't is a nasty hole,  
 With its turf all muck, and its air all fog,  
 'Tis the devil's own bit of a dirty bog.  
 Now wanst on a time, KNICK, a lean, hungry BEAR,  
 That had feasted on snow till snow-white was his hair,  
 Came prowling that way, och! the blatherin' baste!  
 Jist to see how a good Tartar Toorkey would taste;  
 And finding it swate, as a body may ken,  
 'Be jabers!' says he, 'here 's a place for a den!'  
 So sturdily falling to work, claw and snout,  
 He turned the tough hills, so to spake, inside out;  
 And lo! where green headlands late smiled on the sea,  
 In a jiffy grim bastions scowled fierce as could be.

Now it chanced that a COCK and a BULL, one fine day,  
 Had gone out, cheek by jowl, for a Kilkenny fray;  
 And spying the baste all alert for a foe,  
 The BULL gave a bellow, the COCK a tall crow,  
 As much as to say: 'Och! you ruffianly elf!  
 Clap your tail 'twixt your legs and be aff wid yourself.'  
 But divil an answer did BRUIN bequeath,  
 Save a beautiful grin full of illigant teeth!  
 With that COCK and BULL raised a dust and a din,  
 As who should say, 'Honey, we're bound to go in.'  
 But the baste (sure possession 's nine points of the law)  
 Knocked 'em heels over head with the wind of his paw.  
 Up and at him ag'in! 'is the plucky *encore*,  
 He has answered jist so for a twelve-month or more;  
 And when I saw them last, all the craters, still game,  
 Were airing their wrath jist in doing that same:  
 The baste making taunt with that illigant grin,  
 'Ye're a beautiful set, but ye can't, faix, come in!'

September, 1855.  
 VOL. XLVI.

## H O M E .



MY GENTLE-NATURED FRIEND: To the lappel of thy walking-coat still clings the button I have so often held: thou seest I have it now. Sit here, in this pleasant place, and let me talk to thee of things which concern thee nearly.

When thou perceivest occasion, say aught which may occur to thee, remembering, only, there be some who know not when they have said enough. Thou hast perceived that my humor is not lively, as it was awhile since; I have been thinking of the Home I once called mine. Do not marvel that I weep to think of my dear wife whom I did love so tenderly. But she is happy now: and they — our children: but nay, let me not speak of them more.

Hast thou a home? From thine emotion I perceive thou hast. Children are there; and the youngest, mayhap, a darling boy, just learning to climb his father's knee. Hark! It doth seem to me the day hath passed, and thou hast invited me home, to tea. Let me not be gloomy, now; I will e'en forget my years and vanished sprightliness, and affect a gayer form of speech. Ah! there the brave little fellow stands, in the window, watching for Papa! Oh! what delicious music is that infantile 'crow' of delight, with which he greets you! And 'mother,' still 'the most beautiful woman in the world,' drops her sewing, and makes the promising student rehearse gleefully the fresh politeness of 'tissing hand to papa'! I know your nature well; and I know that now a flood of feeling overwhelms your heart. How you pray, inwardly, *he* may live to man's estate, and be an honor to his parents and his race! You *know* he will! You bound lightly up the steps — shut the door upon the world and its cares — and know you are in the only Paradise this earth affords!

Hush! Dost hear that strain of varied music? I have a theory it comes from *you* dwelling. Now, to miss such harmony were a pity; and while we approach that prison-house of all sweetness, let us further discourse. You have said truly, children are not given to quiet. There seems a necessity in nature for children; and another necessity that they should remind one, timely, of their presence. The serpent, after exhausting the resources of his invention, has been known to resort, for this purpose to a 'rattle.' The child is not thus fettered; and it is believed that he neglects no means of warning which nature, accident, and kind parents have placed within his reach. Again that swelling harmony. But let us still nearer.

We have reason to think, that were the vocal capabilities of a child at all proportioned to his ideas of vocal effect, no sounds other than his own could by any possibility be distinguished. In fact, the auricular organ would be disorganized. But, circumscribed as they are, his vocal powers should be counted little short of the wonderful. Whether con-

fining himself to the recital of his first impressions, the indignant remonstrance against injury and neglect, or the outward manifestation of inward grief and pain, the execution is always such as does him credit. But when these and other 'disturbing causes' conspire, the effect may be supposed to approach very nearly the level of his most exalted conceptions.

Now the full tide of harmony arrests our ears and steps. Shall I describe to thee, in language at once technical and familiar, both what thou seest and hearest, and that which is unseen and unheard? Well, then; listen. The youthful *artist* and his nurse are improvising a varied and elaborate harmony, (*doloroso*), in the natural key, the *tones* of which are few, but the harmony at once wild and wonderful. At intervals (were the music written) you might read along the score these words in the Italian language: '*Diminuendo, a poco laudandum.*' The startling injunction not to spare your breath, embraced in the abbreviated terms '*mezzo-forte*,' and '*forte*,' would also accompany every measure. The magnanimous duo lavish an amount of vocal sweetness upon the neighborhood which, were it properly distributed, might suffice for the vocal necessities of the whole solar system. At the distance of half-a-mile the attentive listener need not lose a single note. You will observe two distinct *tempos* — one for baby, and one for nurse — are beat upon drums by under-graduates; one of whom varies his rôle, in a '*pp*' passage by the subdued bump, bump, bump, of a fall down-stairs, which 'passage' is immediately succeeded by a *Grand Finale*, *tutti*, *fortissimo*, with unprecedented modulations into remote and comparatively unknown keys, and a miraculous occasional return to the original one; the whole being relieved, at suitable intervals, by an *obligato*, skilfully executed upon the 'trumpet,' alternating with the shovel and tongs, which, under the influence of the prevalent inspiration, contribute their sweetest notes to swell the tide of harmony.

But we cannot have good music, like the poor, 'always with us.' A gradual 'stilling of the elements' is now taking place, and whom am I permitted to name as the happy 'instrument?' None other than the faithful nurse, erst *Prima Donna*. Ah! wondrous woman! A kind of recitative, half-sung, half-spoken, all original, combined with artistic treatment of the refractory infant, is accomplishing the seeming impossibility. Note her *language*, as you follow the music! [*Spoken*.:] See here, Tommy! Tommy *dump*? [*Sings, Presto, vivace.*] Up he goes! [*False motions.*] Up he goes! U-u-u-u-up. [*Goes up.*] - - - he goes - - -! [*Spoken*.:] oh - - - oh - - - oh - - - oh - - - (!) What Tommy kying for? *Hey*? [*Savagely*.:] S'all Molly cut he head off? - - - [*Playfully*.:] O-o-o-o-off goes Tommy's head! [*Sings*.:] U - - - u - - - p - - - he goes in a ballo-o-o-o-n! [*Spoken*.:] Now baby's gone: whe-e-e-re 's baby? *Oop* (!) [*Enticingly*.:] Won't baby *tiss* Molly? The-e-e-re! I knew he would! The-e-e-re!" The reason I do not represent to you her *action* is, that it is not to be imitated or described by a mere mortal.

But listen! *There* is a different strain. The *mother* sings, now. How sweet is her voice, and plaintive! There is a something in it makes one sad to hear. How strange, that 'old familiar air' should sound so mournfully! It is no pleasure to stay longer.

How pleasant is this place ! The kind trees bless us with all they have to give, a cooling shade ; and their still whisperings with the gentle breeze come down to us faintly and solemnly. Often, when I am sitting here, shapes, natural and spiritual, seem to pass before me ; the former youthful, sometimes, but oftener grave and old. They are alike welcome : and I have sometimes found myself unconsciously addressing them as though they were real : which, in some sense they may be.

The spirit is upon me. How thronged is this erst deserted scene ! Come here, dear boy, and listen to words of wisdom, from one long past the season of youth. (It seems but yesterday he began, as thou, to struggle for himself.) Ah ! some time you will not wonder, as now you wonder, at the earnestness of your father, your mother's tears, when they would have persuaded you to stay with them yet longer. How earnestly they besought you not to yield so readily to delusive arguments with which a youthful imagination, and a manly though untried heart, were urging you into the race and battle of life ! When thou didst bid them farewell, O sanguine youth ! thou wert leaving much happiness behind, more perhaps, than thou shalt find again this side the grave.

From a life of ease and indulgence, thou art come upon one of turmoil — of ambitious struggle — perhaps of final disappointment : and what if *success* prove unsatisfying, the beacon an illusory one ! Ah ! doubly illusory, twice unsatisfying, in the light that beams from the hearth-stone of your early home !

He passes on. I thought my language, in its earnestness, had checked him for a moment ; but doubtless this was too fond a fancy. And why should I detain so brave a youth, anxious for all the good this world affords, laughing at the promise of inevitable misery !

—  
ON the brink of yon cold, deathly river, stands a weary traveller, aged and trembling. With painful step, and slow, has he toiled thus far, and it seems as he would enter the waters. My soul yearns to comfort him, and to stay his steps.

Trembling Pilgrim on life's barren waste ! Dark is the tide that would arrest thy course. Why fearest thou not to plunge ? What sustains thee, now, O aged one ! what wilt thou find on the thither shore ?

As he fades from sight, and the scene recedes, the chill wind from off that icy stream doth bring for answer one word only : In the distance, now HEAVEN it seems — now HOME !

JACQUES MAURICE.

A SUMMER DAY.

The circling sun from his covert of night  
Is soaring up the sky,  
And flooding the earth with a ruddy light,  
And gliding the clouds on high.

Through pendent branches and clustering leaves  
The winds go sighing away,  
And swaying and bending the mossy trees,  
And fanning the summer's day.

Sitting alone in the forest shade,  
I watch the mottled clouds that sail  
Across the sky, in streamers clad,  
Like ships before a gale.

The night comes on with a stealthy pace,  
The sun-beams are upward thrown ;  
The winged hours have run their race,  
And the summer's day has flown.

## M Y ' O T H E R M E . '

Ah! pleasant things to me the rain did whisper,  
 As I sat dreaming in my easy-chair,  
 Without a thought for urgent tasks unfinished,  
 And for the swift hours having little care.

I wandered back along a path of shadows,  
 With near a score of mile-stones on its way,  
 And came at last where May was sweetly blooming,  
 While o'er the mountains crept the morning gray.

It was the land of dreams : and yet the cottage,  
 With its low roof and woodbine-shaded door,  
 Was like to one where passed my sunny childhood,  
 And in my waking can be mine no more!

There was a band of little ones before it,  
 With sun-burnt brows, and brown, uncovered feet,  
 That knew full well the clear brook's pebbled bottom,  
 But never trod a hard and dusty street.

I looked in all their eyes, and oh! what beaming  
 Of budding hopes and sinless faith was there,  
 And when their joyous laugh went up to heaven,  
 The angels must have borne it, as a prayer.

I looked in all their eyes, and 'neath the lashes  
 Of one, the wildest in her heart-taught glee,  
 A soul looked forth, and spake to mine a welcome,  
 And down I knelt, clasping '*that other me*'

I pressed her long unto my lonely bosom,  
 And felt her dearest that the world did hold;  
 And was I vain? She was a sinless creature,  
 And earth is blighted, sorrowful, and cold.

She was not like to me, whom years have given  
 A tempted heart, that ever goes astray;  
 Who cannot lift my eyes in trust to Heaven,  
 For doubts that bore my child-like faith away.

She was not like to me : her heart was sinless,  
 And I could see within her April breast  
 The tender germs, O Christ! O love of heaven!  
 That might have proved to me a balm most blest!

I saw her love without a stain upon it,  
 Her faith as pure as prayers she nightly said;  
 Her hopes so fair, they were the angel-bringers  
 Of the sweet dreams that came to bless her bed.

I could not say 't was I — the tender blossom,  
 That this dark day hath been so nigh my heart;  
 Oh! no, alas! for since the years have met me,  
 The cord that bound us two hath snapt apart.

God keep and sometimes send '*that other me*'  
 To warn my feet, as she hath done to-day,  
 By all my foot-prints from the path of right,  
 And by the mile-stones passed upon my way!

Rochester, (N. Y.)

JENNY MARSH.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE POETRY AND MYSTERY OF DREAMS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. In one volume: pp. 271. Philadelphia: E. H. BUTLER AND COMPANY.

We begin at once by saying, that shadowy as at first thought may be deemed the subject of this very handsome and well-prepared volume, as expressed by its title, it will be sought after and consulted by a very large number of interested readers. Even those who 'pshaw!' at dreams, and their denotements, will be among the first to examine its pages, for correlative demonstration of the purport of their *own* 'visions of the night.' 'Dreams,' remarks our author, 'are no longer for intelligent minds, sources of hope or fear, but they still wanton through the halls of the spirit as of old, though the horn and ivory gates which were once supposed to determine their truth or falsehood, have long since been broken away. And they are still recorded as mysterious or pleasing fantasies, still narrated at the breakfast-table, and still quoted by lovers, as affording involuntary illustrations of a passion which dares not declare itself in more direct terms. And there are many, especially among the young, who, although devoid of superstition, are still curious *to know what this or that dream is said to signify*, yet who very properly shrink from consulting those popular 'dream-books,' which are often not only replete with vulgarity, but also fail to give those explanations which were accepted as authentic in days when even the wisest placed full faith in the art of interpreting dreams.' 'There are very few,' continues Mr. LELAND in his 'Introduction,' 'who are not occasionally interested in the mysterious, uncontrollable operations of the mind during slumber. *Dreams are the novels which we read when asleep*, and it is in these wild romances that the sternest and gravest foes of the Imagination and Fantastic in art and literature read their reproof written legibly by NATURE herself.' And when we reflect on the subtle manner in which the subtlest and most occult workings of the mind are at times entangled with our dreams, becoming (so to speak) half-revealed, and appearing to the observer who never investigates the wondrous world within, like a veritable gleam from a spirit-world above, it does not appear strange that there have existed in all ages myriads who believed with religious faith that supernatural intimations were permitted to even the humblest during sleep.'

However this may be, it is quite certain that our ingenious and tasteful author has brought together a large and interesting collection of *Dream-Exemplifications*, with cognate poetical illustrations from numerous popular writers, foreign and native, and among the latter several of his own, which are in no wise inferior to the best in the volume. The invocation, '*To Dream-Land*,' from the pen of W. B. HART, appropriately opens the work:

'Oh! blessed Land of Dreams,  
Soft memories and blissful hours are thine;  
Strange moon-lit fountains and fitful gleams  
Surround thy shrine.

'Dreams for the weary one,  
Who through a long and toilsome day must weep,  
Come with sweet music breathing in their tone,  
In balmy sleep.

'Dreams for the broken-hearted;  
Glad angel-tones arise from the dim past,  
Telling of hours that have long since departed,  
Too bright to last.

'Dreams for the stained of crime;  
Thoughts of their innocent and early years,  
Come rushing o'er them from the past of time,  
With bitter tears.

'Dreams, too, for those who mourn;  
Of that blest realm which knows not care or pain,  
From whence the dead to vision-land return,  
We meet again.

'Dreams unto us are given,  
To soothe the weary and the heart-oppressed;  
Oh! realm of visions, poised 'twixt earth and heaven,  
We call thee blest!

'*The Anvil*,' to dream of hammering upon which, according to APOMAZOR, 'presages success and honor in spite of opposition and enmity,' affords Mr. LELAND a theme for the following spirited lines:

'I DREAMT I stood by a roaring fire,  
Near the blacksmith grimy and grim;  
And watched the blaze rise higher and higher,  
As it lit up each brawny limb.  
Bang, bang, his hammer rang,  
And drove out many a spark;  
They seemed the devil's own fire-flies,  
As they darted through the dark.

'The smith struck high — the smith struck low,  
As over his work he bent;  
And if every blow had been on a foe,  
A battle had soon been spent.  
*Cling, cling*, the steel doth ring,  
In flaming crimson dressed;  
Of all the callings that I know,  
I love the blacksmith's best.

'King SIEGFRIED of old was a blacksmith bold,  
And well on the iron could pound;  
With his very first blow, he drove, I'm told,  
The anvil into the ground:



Round, round, into the ground,  
And beat his hammer flat;  
No man alive but a blacksmith stout,  
Could strike you a blow like that.

'And SIEGFRIED became a monarch of might,  
And so you may clearly see,  
If a man would rise in power and height,  
A blacksmith he first must be:  
Smack! smack! with many a crack,  
As he hammers the spade and plough;  
For so did TUBAL-CAIN of old,  
And he must do so now.'

We have but one fault to find with the work. There are so many and various 'dream-things' spoken of and illustrated, that for familiar reference there should have been an *index* to the several subjects: but index there is none.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Number One Hundred and Sixty-nine. For October, 1855.  
Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THE last two numbers of the '*North American*' passed unnoticed in these pages; not from any lack of interest which they possessed, but from a lack of space, which we did *not* possess. The present issue strikes us as in several respects better than any previous one for several quarters. The articles proper are eleven in number, and are upon the following subjects: KINGSLEY's 'Westward Ho;,' 'Genius and Writings of VICTOR HUGO;,' FLANDERS's 'Lives of the CHIEF-JUSTICES;,' LAURENCE STERNE;,' SCHAMYL, and the War in the Caucasus;,' ST. AMBROSE and the Church of the West;,' JARVES's Art-Hints;,' 'The History of the Crimea;,' 'Diplomatic History of the War in the East;,' AMOS LAWRENCE;,' 'The Opening of the Ganges Canal;,' together with the usual assortment of briefer 'Critical Notices.' The paper upon VICTOR HUGO is written with signal ability. We subjoin an extract embodying certain literary truths, which we would advise sundry of our correspondents, whose communications we have been compelled to decline, to lay to heart:

'THE leading characteristics of French style are clearness, point, simplicity, grace, and fluency. If the object of language be to convey thought, it will not be disputed that these are merits of the first magnitude. Still less will it be denied, that in all these points of excellence the French leaves the German tongue hopelessly behind. And our own language, though perhaps unequalled in richness and power, must suffer the criticism, at least as to current modern usage, of a want of free natural movement, a labored structure of sentences, and a large infusion of bookish and pedantic words. The idea expressed by the Latin word '*inconditus*,' *disorganized*, or rather *non-organized*, is peculiarly appropriate to the style that disfigures so many English compositions. Our writers for the press—especially the periodical press—have no conception whatever of style, as an art. Hence they heap up a huge collection of sentences, in the most tumid and tumultuous way, in which all idea of sequence is lost soon after starting, and the graces of simplicity and clear-flowing speech are merged in a torrent of verbose and windy loquacity. So wide-spread has become this disease, that the appearance of any book, discourse, review-article, or newspaper-leader, written in terse and vigorous English, excites universal remark.

'Not only is our literature thus burdened with the vices of a cumbrous and chaotic style, but our language is suffering from a growing plethora of vicious forms of expres-

sion and slang phrases. Pure idiomatic English has become almost obsolete, and its place is usurped by a mongrel and depraved dialect, composed of the oddest jumble of French, German, fustian, and Billingsgate, with long words ending in *ology*, *osity*, and *ation*. This frightful medley of the worst materials seems first to have risen from the gutter into ordinary conversation, then to have been imitated in the newspapers, and finally to have been reproduced in more permanent forms. Their permanence, however, thanks to the preservation of better models, and to the normal sanity of the human intellect, is not yet an established fact; and we congratulate our countrymen, in view of the vast daily spawn of the American press, and the enormous editions of irreclaimable trash which are daily sold, that there are probably no books which the world will more willingly let die.'

The following touching description of the sad lot of the forty thousand exiled French republicans, is admirably translated from the original of Hugo. It certainly justifies all the encomiums bestowed by the reviewer upon the style of his author:

'THE exiles are scattered abroad: Destiny has her winds, which scatter men like a handful of ashes. Some are in Belgium, in Piedmont, in Switzerland, where they have no liberty: others are in London, where they have no roof to their heads. This man, a peasant, has been torn from his native homestead; that one, a soldier, has only the stump of his sword, which has been broken in his hand; that other, a laborer, is ignorant of the language of the country, is without clothes and without shoes, knows not what he shall eat on the morrow; this one has quitted a wife and children, a well-beloved group, the end of his labor, the joy of his life; that, has an old mother, with white hairs, who bemoans him; this one has an aged father, who will die without ever seeing him again; that other is a lover, and has left behind some adored being who must forget him. They raise their heads, they stretch out their hands one to another, they smile; there is no people that does not view them on their passage to exile with respect, and that does not contemplate with profound tenderness, as one of the most beautiful spectacles which fortune can give to men, all those serene consciences, all those broken hearts.

'They suffer, they are silent; in them the citizen has sacrificed the man; they look fixedly in the face of adversity; they do not even cry out, on the pitiless verge of misfortune, '*Civis Romanus sum!*' but the night, when one dreams, when every thing in the strange city is clothed with sadness, for what seemeth cold by the light of day becomes terrible and funereal at twilight—but the night, when one cannot sleep—the most stoical spirits are open to the inroads of sorrow and of grief! Where are the little children? who shall give them bread? who shall give them their father's kiss? Where is the wife? where the mother? where the brother? where are they all? And the songs which one heard at evening in his native tongue, where are they? Where is the grove, the tree, the foot-path, the roof full of nests, the belfry surrounded with graves? Where is the street, where the faubourg, the lantern lighted before the gate, the friends, the work-shop, the business, the accustomed labor? And the furniture sold at public outcry, the auctioneer invading the domestic sanctuary! Oh! what eternal adieus! Destroyed, dead, scattered to the four winds, that moral being which we call the household hearth, and which consists not only in conversation, in tenderness, and in embraces, but which is also composed of hours, of habits, of the visits of friends, of the laughter of this one, of the pressure of the hand of that, of the view we saw from such a window, of the place where was such a piece of furniture, of the arm-chair where the grand-father used to sit, of the carpet where the first-born has played! Torn from us all those objects on which was imprinted our life! Vanished for ever the visible form of all our souvenirs!'

To our conception, the very best article in the number before us is that on '*Schamyl and the War in the Caucasus:*' and as an example of vigorous language and vivid grouping, we point to the annexed account of the storming of Akhulgo, a mountain-fortress, in July, 1839. Our extract is long, but it will richly reward perusal:

'At last the storming began. Three terraces, rising one above the other, were the foremost obstacles to be overcome by the Russians, and of the fifteen hundred men who made the first assault, only one hundred and fifty were able to retreat in safety. The third charge carried the first and second terraces, and then came the tug of war. The firing ceased. With the bayonet, the shaska, the dagger, hand to hand, they strove and wrestled together. There was no noise save the cries of victory or of agony. The smoke rolled up like a curtain from the face of the rock. High up the cliff, the Circassian

women, in the last extremity of despair, with bared breasts and hair streaming over their shoulders, poured down volleys of stones upon the heads of their advancing foes. 'I saw a woman,' says an eye-witness of the scene, 'suddenly grasp the little child that clung to her garments; I saw her dash its head to pieces against a projecting rock, and, hurling it with a wild shriek down the abyss, leap after it.'

'Akhulgo was taken, and the carnage that followed repaid the hungry Cossacks for their long delay. No mercy was asked, and none would have been given. But among the dead, SCHAMYL was not to be found. What miracle had saved him again? After a long search he was discovered, with some of his Murids, lodged in a deep chasm of the rock over-hanging the river, to which there was no access but by the rope that had been drawn up after them. As the Russian leader was intent upon capturing SCHAMYL, living or dead, he stationed a guard of horse and infantry on both banks of the river. Then it was that the three companions of SCHAMYL performed that act of unsurpassed heroism and devotion, which will cling to the memories of future generations. They knew that, if they were all made prisoners, it was probable that they might be ransomed and returned, but that their leader must inevitably be lost to them for ever. They agreed to give their lives to save his. One dark night, the Russians upon the watch saw a raft put out from the cave, and lowered down until it floated upon the river. A man then let himself down upon it; a second form descended, and at last a third, dressed in the white robe of SCHAMYL, cautiously followed. Immediately the guards, having remained silent until now, rushed forward; the Cossack cavalry plunged into the stream; the infantry skirted the shores; a moment—and the three men upon the raft were shot or stabbed with a thousand deaths. But to the inexpressible vexation of the Russians, on examining the faces of the slain, it was found that neither of them was that of the terrible SCHAMYL. They discovered too late, that, while the attention of the whole troop was directed toward the three men, the real SCHAMYL, the one object against whom the whole expedition had been prepared, had lowered himself quietly down from the cave to the stream, and swam uninjured to the opposite shore.

'After the loss of Akhulgo, the Imam exerted himself to gain from the Russian general some terms of pacification. The latter would hear of nothing but unconditional surrender. SCHAMYL then passed, like another PETER the Hermit, across the mountains, preaching to the Tcherkessians in the Turkish language, and endeavoring to arouse them to their common danger. But he failed to overcome their private jealousies, and the blood-feuds of race and family. General Sass at that time commanded on the Kuban. His policy was to meet the wily natives on their own ground; to oppose cunning by cunning, and to employ the system of espionage which they had used so successfully against the Cossacks; to fall upon them by night; to delude them by feigned retreats, and never to attack them when an attack was expected. Once he pretended to have died, after a regular course of sickness, and when the Tcherkessians had assured themselves of the truth of this report by a view of his splendid coffin, covered with the well-known hat and orders of the general, and had returned to celebrate the propitious event by an appropriate jubilee, by night, the ghost of the general, at the head of a most substantial column of soldiers, stole across the Kuban, and came down upon them 'like a wolf on the fold.' This man was a perpetual terror to the Northern races. Children grew quiet at the name of Sass. He was superseded in command, however, by WILLIAMENOFF; who, in 1837, proceeded to break the spirits of the mountaineers by words such as these: 'Russia has conquered France, put her sons to death, and made captives of her daughters. England will never give any aid to the Circassians, because she depends on Russia for her daily bread. There are only two powers in the universe, God in heaven and the Emperor upon earth; and though the arch of heaven should fall, there are Russians enough to hold it up on the points of their bayonets.'

'But to the Eastern Circassians this trumpet was blown in vain. They looked up to their hills, and laughed to scorn the paper bravery of the Muscovite. The blood that was shed at Akhulgo washed out their petty jealousies. The eloquence, the daring, and, above all, the miraculous escapes of their leader, and the success that always followed in his steps, made the mountaineers regard him with a veneration little short of idolatry. SCHAMYL was their messenger from God. He proved himself not altogether unworthy of their simple homage. Deep in the forests of Ichkeria he again took up his position. He surrounded his person with a body-guard of one thousand of his hottest enthusiasts. He divided the region over which his influence extended into districts, and appointed one of his Naibs governor over each, whose duty was to make regular reports to his master, as the great head of the government. He established a system of posts for transmitting the earliest intelligence of the enemy's movements, and raised a standing army of five or six thousand men. All males, from fifteen to fifty years old, were trained continually in horsemanship and the use of arms, ready to defend their homes in case of attack, or to follow their leader in his hostile expeditions. Of ten families, one furnished the man; the remaining nine equipped him for service. Honorary orders were bestowed as the meed of the faithful, and medals, stamped with poetical inscriptions, were hung upon the breasts of the brave. When SCHAMYL moved abroad, his guards walled him in on every side. When he retired for prayer, thousands waited outside of the

mosque in reverent silence. Then MOHAMMED appeared to him in the form of a dove, whispered sweet encouragement in his ear, gave him new commands, and revealed fresh mysteries of the faith; all of which he rehearsed with his wonderful eloquence, to the multitudes that thronged to welcome his reappearance.

'Writer who have seen SCHAMYL have much to say of the majesty of his person and manners. His stature is not above the middle height, and in his regular, handsome features, and white complexion, there is nothing of the fanatic or enthusiast. He possesses entire control over himself, and whether he is bestowing rewards or pronouncing the death-sentence, he maintains the same imperturbable composure. He never betrays either anger, uneasiness, or fear. A great calm rests upon him.

"His face is like a star,  
That, from its incommunicable height,  
Looks coldly on the feverish world below."

'St. AMBROSE, and the Church in the West,' and the two articles on the Crimean War, and its diplomatic history, are well written, and the two latter especially, timely and instructive at this period. In one of the briefer 'Critical Notices' deserved justice is rendered, in terse, condensed language, to the character of the late SYDNEY SMITH.

ORATION AND POEM, delivered before the Convention of the DELTA-PHI, in the City of New-York, April 12, 1855. New-York: WILLIAM C. BRYANT AND COMPANY, Printers.

'Much annoy' did it 'work us,' that we could not be present, with our congregated brethren of the 'Delta-Phi,' when this excellent address and poem were delivered before our large and fraternal body. The exercises before us attained to print at an advanced period, and the book reached our publication-office too late for notice the ensuing month, as we were on our Western travels at the time. The 'Address' is from the pen of Mr. CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD, and does honor to his talents, both in thought and style. We copy a single passage, giving in a vivid though compressed picture a striking example of an old 'Secret Society,' one of the predecessors, in its kind, of the order of the DELTA-PHI. The orator is speaking of 'The Knights of Malta:'

'The flower of the Eastern nations had joined in a crusade against the Knights with the same religious fervor and enthusiasm of purpose that had carried the Crusaders to Jerusalem. Each attacked the other as the desecrator of their shrines and the enemy of their faith, and joined to national enmity the bitterness of religious fanaticism.

'During four months, the fierce soldiery of the Occident swept around the walls of Malta; towers were lost and won, catapults, lombards, and mangonels were constructed and burned, walls destroyed, ships blown up, and from morning till evening, and all the sultry tropical night, the Janissaries, amid the clang of uncouth music and the jar of artillery, charged against the steel barricade of the Knights of Malta. A dull, dun cloud hung over the town, that the distant merchantman hurrying past mistook for the smoke of Mount Etna; and all night long the Sicilian sentinel, leaning on his pike, listened to dull booming from the south, well knowing that the rocky island from whence it came was the last barrier that existed between the home of his childhood and the Spahis of SOLYMAN. Thousands of Turks were floating in the harbor, and their bodies festered in the sun-shine; the ditches were filled even with corpses, so that they formed a bridge for the living; and yet the hills were still white with Turkish tents, and the air still trembled with Moorish war-cries.

'The walls of the city had been completely prostrated, and the Infidels and Knights glared at each other, face to face, over heaps of slain, and gleaming weapons, when lo! on the heights that surrounded the beleaguered city, shone the dear cross of Malta on the breasts of the Knights who had come from Europe to the succor of their comrades

in distress. The relief was immediate, and proved to the Musselmen the force of the ancient proverb :

“ Ye race is not always to be won  
By him who doth ye fastest run,  
Nor ye batelle by that peopelle  
Who has the mostest guns.”

‘As the eagle launches on the hunter who has climbed to his craggy nest, the forlorn hope of St. JOHN charge against the spoilers of their homes. The bauseant rings as of old on the plains of Palestine; and lance to cimeter, breast to breast, and the hauberk of the Knight against the silken vest of the Turk, they play out the desperate game of life.

‘See the varied hues of rare garments how they flutter at the blows of those steel-ribbed men! and ‘heavy through the reeking pall, hear the iron death-dice fall.’

‘The sea is reached, and gurgling forth their last imprecation, they stab under its blue waves. The ships! the ships! the sole refuge of the invading host, they gain them, and cutting loose from the fiery valor of their foes, are gone, leaving Malta a heap of ruins, yet still mistress of the seas.

‘From this time, for a period of more than two hundred years, the Knights of Malta remained in undisputed possession of the island they had so fiercely defended, and only used their arms at sea or in foreign lands. But still they fought on every battle-field in Europe and Asia, and their pennant led the line of every naval engagement. Their arms carried victory from Saragossa to ‘High Belgrade,’ and the shadow of their flag fell on Lepanto’s sea. The Musselman merchantman, for fear of their cruisers, crept timidly along the shore, and scarcely a galley could leave the Egyptian ports for the Levant, without being boarded by the Maltese Knights.’

This is forcible limning; but there is much more and earlier historical reminiscence, in the same spirit; together with a description of the rise and progress of the DELTA-PHI Society, to which, in the volume itself, we are obliged to direct the attention of the reader.

The ‘Poem’ is from the hand of MR. ANSON G. CHESTER, of Erie, of whom and from whom our readers have sometimes heard in these pages. He has written well and fervently. From his apostrophe to the ‘*Goddess of Fraternal Love*’ we take the only passage for which we can find room. It will indicate the true source of the feeling which was manifested by the auditory of the poet on the occasion of the delivery of his poem :

‘To be her faithful votaries we must learn  
The reigning follies of the day to spurn;  
Despise the current estimates of worth,  
Remember merit does not spring from birth;  
That money is not genius, and that brains  
Are never bought with promises and gains;  
That talent, though it venture forth in rags,  
Is better than the miser’s ponderous bags;  
That mind alone is god-like; we must share  
Our joys and ills in common — gladly bear  
The burdens of the weak, the bad reclaim;  
Contribute to another’s good and fame,  
As if they were our own; if one is sad,  
Speak some sweet word to make him blithe and glad;  
If one is head-strong, seek to change his mind;  
If one is ruthless, seek to make him kind;  
Eschew this silly pride of name and place,  
And own that men are equal; boldly face  
The weapons aimed at him whose only sin  
Is poverty, and gently lead him in  
To taste our luxuries; close door and gate  
Against the imps of jealousy and hate;  
Be cautious in opinions and in words;  
Fly from suspicion, as affrighted birds  
Fly from the fowler; keep our hearts and minds  
Pure as the stars and fearless as the winds;

So shall we serve our peerless GODDESS best,  
Receive her sweet approval, and be blest.'

The varied ornamental borders to the amply-broad pages of this 'booklet' are in excellent taste: as attractive to the eye as the matter to the mind.

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A BASKET OF CHIPS. By JOHN BROUGHAM. In one volume: pp. 408. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER, Publishers, Number 126 Nassau-street.

MR. BROUGHAM, as an actor, is so well known to the public; he has become so popular in the rendition of light, humorous parts upon the stage; and his conception of fun is so transparent, that this book may be said to be well advertised by the very name of its author upon the title-page. But aside from his reputation upon the boards of our metropolitan theatres, Mr. BROUGHAM has been not only a writer of successful plays, but a frequent contributor of pleasant articles to American periodicals and journals, certain of the latter of which he himself projected, and of which he well sustained the direction. So that we need take no farther trouble to introduce Mr. BROUGHAM, *'per se,'* to our readers, but proceed to say a few words touching the volume before us. One thing, at least, might be predicated of the book, in spite of its title: it is not as 'dry as a chip,' although there is a 'basket' of them. '*Some Passages in the Life of a Dog,*' which opens the book, deserves the place of honor which it occupies. Its close is singularly pathetic. There are several burlesques and travesties, for which the writer has evidently a *penchant*, and in the execution of which he shows undeniable skill. The rendering of the opera of '*La Fille du Regiment,*' and the popular play of '*Pauline*' are as faithful to the originals as they are amusing. It was our purpose to have given a 'ballad' or two, with specimens from '*Evenings at our Club,*' '*Night-mare,*' and '*The BUNSEY Papers,*' but as we cannot do it, in the crowded state of our pages, we have only to ask for these papers, and the others which make up the contents of the book, the favorable regard of our readers. It is well printed, and contains two or three clever illustrations.

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A VOICE TO AMERICA: OR, THE MODEL REPUBLIC: Its Glory and its Fall. With a Review of the Causes of the Decline and Failure of the Republics of South-America, Mexico, and of the Old World, applied to the present Crisis in the United States. In one volume: pp. 404. New-York: EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-street.

THIS '*Voice to America,*' the publisher assures us in his preface, is not the product of any clique: it enforces the opinions of no one party: it has not been prepared under the auspices, nor has it received the sanction, of any set of men organized for political purposes. The subjects treated of concern not only the statesman and politician, but every American citizen, however humble or exalted — whether native or naturalized. They extend over a vast range of valuable facts and historical illustrations, pertaining to the rights and immunities of citizens under a republican government.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

PHENIXIANA: OR, SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES BY 'JOHN PHENIX.'—A rare and most amusing volume is in the press of MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, awaiting early publication, entitled '*Phenixiana: or, Sketches and Burlesques by John Phenix.*' 'In the name of the PROPHET—Figs!' is his motto; but it is too modest by half, if intended to indicate the character of the contents of his volume, which we have had the pleasure to examine in manuscript. A more complete master of that species of wholesome satire which is best conveyed by a dexterous use of the broad burlesque, we have very seldom, if ever, encountered. But it is not alone with his *pen* that this is done. The numerous illustrations, from his own pencil, are master-pieces of art in their kind. In correctness of drawing, naturalness of accessories, and exquisite humor of expression, we know of nothing out of PUNCH better calculated to excite mingled admiration and cachinnation. We proceed to give a few specimens from the 'copy' now in the hands of the printers. The following is an extract from the brief preface:

'THE author does not flatter himself that he has made any very great addition to the literature of the age by this performance: but if his book turns out to be a very indifferent one, he will be consoled by the reflection that it is by no means the first, and probably will not be the last of that kind, that has been given to the public. Meanwhile, this is, by the blessing of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, and through the exertions of the immortal WASHINGTON, a free country, and no man can be compelled to read any thing against his inclination. With unbounded respect for every body,' etc.

The annexed is taken from an account of '*Phenix's Visit to the City of Benicia,*' at which flourishing metropolis he arrived late at night, and before morning had nearly expired from the ravages of 'countless hordes of mosquitoes:'

'BUT every thing must have an end, circles and California gold excepted, and day at last broke over Benicia. Magnificent place! I gazed upon it from the attic window of the Solano Hotel, with feelings too deep for utterance. The sun was rising in its majesty, gilding the red-wood shingles of the United States' store-houses in the distance. Three majestic hulks were riding at anchor in the bay; clothes-lines



with their burdens were flapping in the morning breeze; a man with a wheel-barrow was coming down the street. Every thing, in short, spoke of the life, activity, business and bustle of a great city. But in the midst of the excitement of this scene, an odoriferous smell of beef-steak came like a holy calm across my olfactories, and hastily drawing in my *cabasa*, I descended to breakfast. This operation concluded, I took a stroll in company with the oldest inhabitant, from whom I obtained much valuable information, (which I hasten to present,) and who cheerfully volunteered to accompany me as a *guide to the lions of the city*. There are no less than forty-two wooden houses, and many of them two stories in height, in this great place, and nearly twelve hundred inhabitants, men, women, and children. There are six grocery, provision, dry-goods, auction, commission, and where-you-can-get-almost-any-little-thing-you-want stores; one hotel, one school-house, *which is also a brevet-church*, three billiard-tables, a post-office, from which I actually saw a man get a letter, and a ten-pin alley, where I am told a person once rolled a whole game, paid one dollar and fifty cents for it, and walked off chuckling. Then there is a mountebank, a common council, and a mayor, whom my guide told me was called '*Carni*,' from a singular habit he has of eating roast-beef for dinner. But there is not a tree in all Benicia. '*There was one*,' said the guide, '*last year, only four miles from here, but they chopped it down for fire-wood for the 'post.*' Alas! why did n't the woodman spare that tree? The dwelling of one individual pleased me indescribably. He had painted it a vivid green. Imaginative being! He had evidently tried to fancy it a tree, and in the enjoyment of this sweet illusion, had reclined beneath its grateful shade, secure from the rays of the burning sun, and in the full enjoyment of rural felicity, even among the crowded streets of this great meropolis.'

The foregoing will remind the reader of the burlesque description given by the lamented ROBERT C. SANDS, of a '*Geological Visit to Hoboken*,' which he once made in a horse-boat, before the days of steam. The subjoined satire upon a rich vulgarian, who had '*made his pile*' in California, and was '*going in for science*,' is not without its exemplar nor its moral. It is '*Mr. B. S. BAGS*' who is speaking, before the '*California Antiquarian Society*:'

'He had not the advantages of an early education; not much he had n't; but he read a good deal, and liked it; and he dare say now, that if the truth had been found out, he know'd a great deal more than some other filosifers at the East. He wanted to see science go on in California. He had a considerable interest in the place, and expected to spend his days thar. He was now fifty-three year old: he come out here twenty-three year ago as steward of a whale-ship, and he run away and turned doctor. (*Laughter. Cries of 'Hush! hush!'*) But he married a Californy widder, with a large *ranch*, and he had, when the gold mines broke out, made his pile. He had over three hundred thousand dollars, and he did not care who know'd it. He meant to devote the interest of the same to learning science. (*Uproarious applause. Cries of 'Go it!'* '*That's the p'int!*' and '*Currambas!*') He had three daughters, and he meant each on 'em should be a scientific man. (*Loud applause.*) One of 'em wore green specs now. (*Immense applause, accompanied by a cry of 'Hep-ah!'* from a person in a white hat and blue blanket coat, who, having evidently mistaken his place, was requested to leave at once by the chair, but did not do it.) Order being restored, Mr. BAGS went on to say that he had money enough, and had given up trading stock, and begun to study science

for itself. He had bought a 'mahomedon,' and could tell how hot it was at any time: he had examined the 'ah-teasin'-well in the square, and knew something about hydrocricanics from a contemplation of scientific structures. By reading the papers daily, particularly the '*Alta Californian*,' he found all sorts of new matters, which he supposed give him considerable idea of 'New Mattix:' but above all, having seen in the papers from the States an account of the 'BOSILIST Pendulum,' and its application to the Bunker-hill Monument, by which it showed how the earth turned round from east to west, he had ever since, for three hours each day, watched the flag-staff on the Plaza, and he could assure the meeting that when the flag was trailed, it always flew out to the west, and when it was h'isted, the rope always bent out to the east. (*Hear, hear.*) Gentlemen might say it was the wind that did it, but what made the wind? If any gentleman here had ever rid out to the Mission on a calm day, (*'Hear' from a savant who kept a livery-stable in Kearney-street,*) he must have felt a breeze blowing in his face. Well, he made that wind, he did, a-going; and it was the earth that made the wind, by turning around in just the same way. (*Deep impression produced: low remarks: 'We must examine this: 'Bags is a trump,' etc.*

'Mr. BAGS concluded that he had took up a great deal of time, but he hoped a society would be formed, and he would give his share toward it — (*applause*) — and more too. (*Loud applause.*) He hoped he would be able to do more. He was now reading a paper in '*Silliman's Journal*' on the 'Horizontal Paralysis,' with its effects on the 'Cellular System,' and he hoped to get some ideas out of it which he would adapt to California: and if he should, the society should have the benefit of it. Mr. BAGGS here sat down, amid prolonged and continuous cheers.'

We must now approach Mr. PHOENIX as a journalist. He is acting as the *locum-tenens* of the proprietor and editor of the '*San-Diego Herald*,' Hon. Judge J. JUDSON AMES, who is compelled to be absent in his official capacity. On taking his temporary seat in the chair editorial, and in the first number of the paper under his management, he says:

'It will be perceived that I have not availed myself of the editorial privilege of using the plural noun in speaking of myself. This is simply because I consider it a ridiculous affectation. I am a 'lone, lorn man,' unmarried, (the LORD be praised for His infinite mercy!) and though blessed with a consuming appetite, which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble, I do not think I have a tape-worm: therefore I have no claim to call myself 'WE:' and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity.'

But it seems, from the following, that he *did* use the editorial plural noun, and in the conduct of the journal under his charge so compromised 'the JUDGE' as a politician and a consistent editor, that rumors became rife that when the latter returned to his post, there would be trouble. They were not without foundation, as witness the following:

'PUBLIC anxiety had been excited to the highest pitch to witness the result of the meeting between us. It had been stated publicly that 'the JUDGE' would whip us the moment he arrived: but although we thought a conflict probable, we had never been very sanguine as to its terminating in this manner.

'Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the New-Town road. We desried a cloud of dust in the distance: high above it waved a whip-lash: and we said: 'The JUDGE' cometh, and his speed is like unto that of JERU the son of NIM-SH, for he driveth furiously!'

'Calmly we seated ourselves in our arm-chair, and continued our labors upon our magnificent 'Pictorial.' Anon a step — a *heavy* step — was heard upon the stair, and 'the JUDGE' stood before us:

'In shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower: . . . but his face deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care sat on his faded cheek: but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride, waiting revenge!'

'We rose, and with an unfaltering voice, said: 'Well, 'JUDGE' how do you do?' He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat.

'We removed ours: also our cravat.

'The sixth and last round is described by the press-man and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We held 'the JUDGE' down over the press by our nose, which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose, and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and with the 'sheep's-foot' brandished above our head, shouted to him: 'Say 'WALDO!'

'Never!' he gasped.

'Oh my! BIGLER!' he would have muttered,  
But that he 'dried up' ere the word was uttered.'

'At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the press-man, who thrust a roller between our faces, (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion,) the 'matter' was finally settled on the most friendly terms, 'without prejudice to the honor of either party.'

'We write this while sitting without any outer clothing except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a 'ruft' of the ELIZABETHAN era; that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings, and the crown subsequently torn off: while 'the JUDGE' is sopping his eye with cold water in the next room, a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin, and glancing with interest over the advertisements in the second page of the 'form,' a fair copy of which was struck off upon the back of his shirt, at the time we held him over the press.'

Mr. PHOENIX evidently 'had the worst of it' in this engagement, although but for his allusion to the '*misunderstanding*,' of which he finally became aware, the inference would be that 'the JUDGE' must have had a precious time of it! But once to see the personal *status* of the latter would put *that* matter at rest. In his valedictory, the ex-editor says:

'DURING the period in which I have had control over the *Herald*, I have endeavored to do my best to amuse and interest its readers. If I have given offence to any persons, by the tone of my remarks, I assure them that it has been quite unintentional; and to prove that I bear no malice, I hereby accept their apologies. Certainly no one can complain of a lack of versatility in the last six numbers. Commencing as an Independent Journal, I have gradually passed through all the stages of incipient Whiggery, decided Conservatism, dignified Recantation, budding Democracy, and rampant Radicalism, and I now close the series with an entirely literary number.'

And that 'literary number' was the following '*Illustrated San-Diego Herald*,' a most telling satire upon the first species of 'illustrated' sheets which were 'got out,' made up of old English wood-cuts, of all kinds and

descriptions, the text adjoining which was often crowded with the most ridiculous blunders. We have seldom met with any thing so broadly burlesque and utterly laughable:

### Phoenix's Pictorial,

AND SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM COMPANION.



JOHN PHOENIX, San-Diego, Oct 1, 1853. Vol. 1 No. 1.



PORTRAIT of His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT. Prince ALBERT, the son of a gentleman named COBURG, is the husband of Queen VICTORIA of England, and the father of many of her children. He is the inventor of the celebrated 'ALBERT hat,' which has been lately introduced with great effect in the U. S. Army. The Prince is of German extraction, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Duchess.



MANSION of JOHN PHOENIX, Esq., San-Diego, California.



HOUSE in which SHAKESPEARE was born, in Stratford-on-Avon.



ABBOTSFORD, the residence of Sir WALTER SCOTT, author of Byron's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' etc.



THE Capitol at Washington.



RESIDENCE of GOVERNOR BIGLER, at Benicia, California.

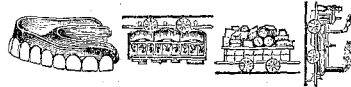


BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, (see remarks, pp. 96.)

[PAGE 96.]

THE Battle of Lake Erie, of which our Artist presents a spirited engraving, copied from the original painting, by HANNIBAL CARRACCI, in the possession of J. P. HAVEN,

Esq., was fought in 1836, on Chesapeake Bay, between the U. S. frigates Constitution and Guerriere, and the British troops under General PUTNAM. Our glorious flag, there as everywhere, was victorious, and 'Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the slave.'



FEARFUL Accident on the Camden and Amboy Rail-Road! Terrible Loss of Life!!



VIEW of the City of San-Diego, by Sir BENJAMIN WEST.



BANK Account of J. PHOENIX, Esq., at ADAMS AND COMPANY, Bankers, San-Francisco, California.



VIEW of the Gas-Works at the San-Diego Herald Office.



STEAMER Goliah.



VIEW of a California Ranch. — LAND-SEER.



SHELL of an Oyster once eaten by General WASHINGTON, showing the General's manner of opening oysters.

There! This is but a specimen of what we can do, if liberally sustained. We wait with anxiety to hear the verdict of the public, before proceeding to any farther and greater outlays.

Subscription, \$5 per annum, payable invariably in advance.

Twenty copies furnished for one year, for fifty cents. Address JOHN PHOENIX, Office of the San-Diego Herald.

From the '*Popular Lectures on Astronomy*,' specimens of which we have heretofore quoted in the KNICKERBOCKER, we take the following characteristic 'bits:'

'It is a curious and interesting fact, much dwelt on in popular treatises on Astronomy, that were a cannon-ball fired from the Earth to SATURN, it would be one hundred and eighty years in getting there. The only useful deduction that we are able to make from this fact, however, is, that the inhabitants of SATURN, if warned of their danger by the sight of the flash, or the sound of the explosion, would have ample opportunity, in the course of the one hundred and eighty years, to *dodge the shot!*'

'PERSEUS, near ANDROMEDA, holds in his hand the head of MEDUSA, a glance from whose eyes turned the gazer into stone, which accounts for the origin of the STONES, a numerous and highly-respected family in the United States. If we prolong the handle of the dipper some twenty-five degrees, we observe a brilliant star of the first magnitude, of a ruddy appearance, called ARCTURUS, which many years since a person named JOB was asked if he could guide, and he acknowledged he couldn't do it. The star is in the knee of the Boötes, (which is pronounced 'Bootees,' as he was the inventor and first wearer of those articles,) who, with two gray-hounds, ASTERION and CHARA, is apparently driving the BEAR for ever round the Pole.'

A sharp piece of criticism on POE; the story of the man who married a Georgia widow; and a brace of sly paragraphs from a fragmentary column of his paper, must close our extracts:

'It is amusing to observe the shifts a maker of poetry will resort to when compelled to make use of an irrelevant subject to eke out his rhyme, to convince himself and his readers that the *faux pas* was quite intentional, the result of study, and should be admired rather than criticised. In a poem called '*Al Aaraaf*,' by EDGAR A. POE, who, when living, thought himself in all seriousness the only living original poet, and that all other manufacturers of poetry were mere copyists, continually infringing on his patent, occurs the following passage, in which may be found a singular instance of the kind alluded to:

"LIGIEA! LIGIEA!  
My beautiful one!  
Whose harshest idea  
Will to melody run,  
Oh! is it thy will  
On the breezes to toss;  
Or, capriciously still,  
Like the lone albatross,  
Incumbent on night,  
As she on the air,  
To keep watch with delight  
On the harmony there?"

Observe this note: 'The albatross is said to sleep on the wing.' *Who* said so, I should like to know? BUFFON did n't mention it, neither does AUDUBON. COLERIDGE, who made the habits of that rare bird a study, never found it out; and the undersigned, who has gazed on many an albatross, and had much discourse with ancient mariners concerning them, never suspected the circumstance, or heard it elsewhere remarked upon.

'I am inclined to believe that it never occurred to Mr. POE, until having become embarrassed by that unfortunate word 'toss,' he was obliged to bring in either a 'hoss' or an albatross; and preferring the bird as the more poetical, invented the extraordinary fact, to explain his appearance.'

## THE SQUIRE'S GEORGIA WIDOW.

"Oh!" says the 'SQUIRE, 'I wish I was married, and well over it. I dread it powerful. I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows since I know'd one down in Georgia, that suited my ideas adzactly.

"About a week after her husband died, she started down to the grave-yard, whar they planted of him, as she said, to read the prescription onto his monument. When she got there, she stood a minute a-looking at the stones which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithed on 'em that the minister had writ for her. Then she burst out, 'Oh! boo!' Says she: 'JONES, he was one of the best of men. I remember how the last time he come home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar and a little tea, and some store-goods for me, and lots of little necessities, and a little painted hoss for JEEMS, which that blessed child got his mouth all yaller with sucking of it: and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n, and played up that good old tune:

"RAKE her down, SAL, oh! rang-dang-diddle,  
Oh! rang-dang-diddle, dang, dang, da!"

"Here," says the 'SQUIRE, 'she begin to dance, and I just thought she was the greatest woman ever I see.'

'The 'SQUIRE always gives a short laugh after telling this anecdote, and then filling and lighting his pipe, subsides into an arm-chair in front of the 'Exchange,' and indulges in calm and dreamy reflection.'

## LATE AND EARLY IN CALIFORNIA.

'PASSING by one of our corner-groceries, about three o'clock the other morning, from which proceeded a 'sound of revelry,' a hapless stranger, on his homeward-way, paused to obtain a little refreshment, and to the host he said:

'It appears to me your visitors are rather late to-night.'

'Oh! no,' returned the worthy landlord: 'the boys of San Diégo generally run for forty-eight hours, stranger: *it's a little late for night before last*, p'raps, but for *to-night*, why, bless you, it's only just in the shank of the evening!'" Volumes could not have said more.'

## CAUSE AND EFFECT: ANCIENT RELATIONS.

'OUR friend CHARLES POOL was complaining bitterly the other morning of the muddy character of the water brought him for his daily ablutions, when he was consoled by the remark, that he was probably a descendant of one of the old POOLS of Bethesda, mentioned in the Scriptures, and that the angel who used to 'come down and trouble' his ancestors' water, still continued his attentions 'in the family!'

THERE: if we have n't indicated, in the few foregoing extracts, taken entirely at random from the writer's manuscript, a rare and racy book, we admit that we are 'no judge.' The author, without naming him, we may be permitted to say, is an officer in the United States Army, where he has served with distinction for many years. Both in the typographical execution and in the illustrations, the volume will be unexceptionably placed before the public.

TENNYSON'S 'MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS.' — We confess to not a little disappointment in the perusal of this anxiously-expected work of TENNYSON'S. It certainly is not equal to his reputation, and will not, we think, increase the number of his admirers. We quite hold with our contemporary, *'The Albion'* weekly journal, who says: 'MAUD is a morbid, misanthropical, autobiographical, episodic tale, relieved by gushes of genuine and exquisite poetry. The prevailing sentiment is, indeed, so gloomy, that it may perhaps not incorrectly be set down as the production of TENNYSON'S earlier muse, localized in its graver passages to suit the aspect of the times — as they are seen through his own peculiar medium of thought — and polished here and there with that delicate and finished grace in which experience has made him a master.' The very best thing in the volume is the following, which will find thousands of new readers in these pages, although it was originally contributed to the KNICKERBOCKER, ten years ago. Alluding to this fact, a Boston journal says:

'If, ten years ago, the Lover of 'MAUD' was disturbed by his memories of the times

'WHEN he was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
Of the land which gave them birth;

and

'Stroop tranced in long embraces,  
Mixed with kisses, sweeter, sweeter  
Than any thing on earth.'

and the 'MAUD' of that day was the same 'MAUD' of TENNYSON'S *new* poem, who

—— "is not seventeen,"

then must the hero of our story of soliloquies have commenced paying his attentions to the lady at a remarkably early age.'

I.

'Oh! that 'twere possible,  
After long grief and pain,  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

II.

'When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
Of the land that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces,  
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter  
Than any thing on earth.

III.

'A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee:  
Ah! CHURCH! that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might  
tell us  
What and where they be!

IV.

'It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me;  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

V.

'Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of to-morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

VI.

'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls;



'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet;  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings;  
In a moment we shall meet;  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

## VII.

'Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove, with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passion-  
ate cry —  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is rolled;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed,  
That abiding phantom cold.

## VIII.

'Get thee hence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt;  
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,  
Pass, and cease to move about;  
'T is the blot upon the brain,  
That will show itself without.

## IX.

'Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke  
The great city sounding wide;  
The day comes, a dull red ball,  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,  
On the misty river-tide.

## X.

'Through the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame;  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Through all that crowd, confused and  
loud,  
The shadow still the same;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

## XI.

'Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering through the laurels  
At the quiet even-fall,  
In the garden, by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall.

## XII.

'Would the happy spirit descend  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend,  
Or to say, 'Forgive the wrong;  
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest?'

## XIII.

'But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets,  
And will not let me be;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me:  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.'

THE TRIUMPH OF BIG WORDS AND VIRTUE. — '*Virtue will Triumph*,' is the title of an 'oration' delivered by W. L. SYMONS, Esq., of the '*Cyrillogian Society*' of the village of Mount-Vernon, Ohio, on the occasion of a contest between the '*Excelsior*' and the '*Cyrillogian*' Society aforesaid, both of that place. We give the opening passage which, as a model of perspicuity and simplicity of language we have rarely seen approached, much less equalled. 'Mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the following. It is presented *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*:

'In observing the pending crisis of the world, and searching for a theme appropriate to the present occasion, that most expressive one presents itself — '*Virtue will Triumph*!' This has ever been dwelt upon as a theme of peculiar interest. Orators have exhausted their spacious fund of rolling genius in delineating the incomprehensible vicissitudes of Virtue! Wise and prudent philosophers, with tacit interrogations, have levied upon it the profoundest powers of the mind; while the world, in anxious numbers, attracted by inherent curiosity, turns to it a solicitous eye. Retrospectively waiting our mental visions back upon the stream of time, all along the regular routine of providential jurisdiction we behold the approximate exterminations of morality, the

nefariously diabolical javelins of SATANIC influence maliciously hurled upon the zealous vindicators of truth, the procrastinating comperendinations and the congealing conglutinations of the limpid stream of eternal life, the somniferous lethargy and stupefaction of the most inveterate defenders of justice, the thundering volcanoes of sin, exhaling the stygian smoke and dark malaria of their subterranean cavities, projecting the fiery meteors of destruction high into the moral atmosphere, while the obstinate streams of melted lava vehemently dash, with furious precipitance, down the rugged precipice, effeminating, breaking down, and overwhelming the verdant forests which over-spread the volcanic slopes, irremediably bearing every vestige of moral goodness from their respective situations, sweeping them down and suffocating them beneath the heterogeneous aggregations of concupiscence and immorality below! This, ladies and gentlemen, is an epitomized panorama of the epicurean performances at which philanthropists, patriots, and Christians have reluctantly gazed for many of the last anterior centuries of the world; and earth's most fiery hells have been terrifically uncapped, and the pestilential stream has rolled down happifying Edens, propagating infernal dragons, naked devils, and hot damnation, until philanthropists have interred their beneficent motives of universal toleration, and themselves have sunken down into universal gloom; amorous patriots have been disturbed, lest their voluntary immolations should not be responded, while Christians, with hearts bent heavenward, with anxious solicitations have watched the approaching gloom. But this chronological routine of affairs in the moral world is soon to be revolutionized, and '*Virtue will Triumph.*'

There is more, much more, of the same sort; and if we have a reader who desires another specimen of SYMONSIAN 'rolling genius,' it shall be forthcoming. But won't this do '*for now?*'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A correspondent in the 'Crescent City,' from whom we are always most happy to hear, sends us the following capital 'dish' for our 'Table.' He says it 'was written with mosquitoes twenty-three to the square inch, and very ravenous,' buzzing about his ears. If these 'bothersome botherers' caused him to write so nervously, we can only hope that they will not 'disappear with the first frost.' But hearken to '*The Coroner's Inquest, and what was Found in the Coffin:*'

'In a certain village in the western district of Tennessee, lived Lawyer RAIN, a man of good education, and more than ordinary intelligence, but so utterly devoid of energy and spirit, that he had never been known, by the most observant of his fellow-townsmen, to have done one useful act, nor even to have entertained a single idea that required the labor of thought, much less the action necessary to bring it to a practical result. PROVIDENCE, in compensation for his misfortune — hopeless, helpless laziness — had bestowed upon him an active, thrifty wife, and a large family of healthy boys. Well do I remember the sun-burnt rogues, from BOB, the eldest, down to the round, bald-headed, dumpling baby, that lay patiently on a blanket, and looked you gravely and steadily in the eye, without once blinking or turning aside; no matter how long you looked, his well-opened, round, blue eye was upon you in all the simple nobility of baby-hood, exempt from shade of fear, or shame, or guile.

'Early and hard was the toil of the elder boys; but with their good mother's help, bread and meat, house and fire were some how or other got together; and each younger 'bud,' as it appeared on the family-tree, was affectionately welcomed and tenderly nursed by those rude and hardy boys. On a holiday, little JASON, the youngest but one, might be seen drawn on a little wagon of their own manufacture, surrounded by his brothers, marching off in triumph to the green-wood, there to spend the bright day among flowers and birds and squirrels, with none to look superciliously at bare feet or bare heads, or 'looped and windowed raggedness;' while the dog BOB scampered away in long excursions, ever and anon returning to see how the baby got on, and to lick its dirty face in affectionate joy, as he found it 'all right.'

'As the said dog 'Bob' occupies an important position in this story, I will describe him at once. The boys called him a 'Russian terrier.' Whether the empire of Russia produces a race of terriers, or whether the words should not be *rushing terrier*, on account of the impetuous character of the animal himself, I am unable to say. 'Bob' was a medium-sized, reddish-brown dog, with rough hair, a black muzzle, and nothing remarkable about him. But when the first frosts of autumn had dyed the sumach with crimson, and converted the bright green of the young hickory to a golden yellow, and turned the sour persimmon to a ball of luscious sweetness; when the night came early, after a short day of smoky sun-shine, and the young moon peeped awhile from behind the dark western forest, and then modestly retired, veiling herself in silver fog as she went, *then* came hunting-time; and then BOB RAIN and RAIN'S 'BOB' were in especial request. We might possibly have got on without the biped Bob, but the dog 'Bob' was indispensable. At night, we boys assembled, with a stout negro or two, who were as anxious for the sport as ourselves, attended by a choice collection of nondescript curs, to hunt the 'possum and 'coon; but in the dog 'Bob' was our main reliance, whether to find or follow the trail, or to do the fighting when the 'coon was brought to bay. Gayly we trudged off to the dark wood, far into the depths of the river-swamp: at first all talking together, laughing and joking, until the darkness and silence of the forest came upon us like a great mystery, and hushed us into awe.

'And then we halted under some mighty sycamore, and sat down on a fallen log, and listened until listening became a pain in that soundless vacuity, and peered intently among thick shadows and strange shapes, till imagination gave them form, and giants and dragons, bears and panthers, elephants and castles, dragons and geni, boa-constrictors and crocodiles, or whatever else fancy suggested, appeared among the fallen trunks, thick-hanging creepers, and tortuous vines of the luxuriant forest.

'And then when some youngster would attempt to dissipate the icy horrors he felt creeping upon him, up his back and through his hair, chilling and ridging as they came; when he whistled or spoke, to keep his courage up, he was promptly 'snubbed' by old 'Uncle Ben,' who said 'Hush!' in a deep, prolonged tone; and then forgetting his own caution, 'not to disturb the dogs or scare the varmint by talking,' he would go on to tell us of ghosts and 'sperits,' 'bloody Injuns' and headless horses, until our young blood fairly curdled in our veins — what a relief it was when 'Bob's bark was heard: a bark, a whine, a yell — and away went the whole pack! Up we jump, with a perfect war-whoop, and away in hot pursuit: through and over roots and logs, vines and creepers, into holes and out of them; what mattered a few bruises or scratches, so that we kept within hearing?

'An old 'coon in the West is as proverbial for cunning as a fox is elsewhere, and quite as well deserves the character. We will not follow him through all his windings, his climbings up trees, and swinging off on vines; his returns on the 'back-track,' and his deviations into the water and out again, by branches which he can reach without placing his tell-tale foot on the shore. 'Bob' was educated in every part of this business, and was certain to see Mr. 'Coon home, and to indicate his presence by a peculiar bark, which drew round him the rest of the hunters, human and canine.

'Then when our torches were lighted, and the wood illuminated, and the tree was cut, and began to crack and bow its lofty head, and the less sagacious curs prepared themselves to spring among the breaking branches of the top, as it came whistling, crashing, thundering to the ground, 'Bob' stood quietly at the butt, confident that if the 'coon was a stout old fellow, one worth having a tussle with, he would almost certainly meet him on the way down; and then 'Bob's spring and his grip were inexorable as fate: torn and bitten he might be, and often was, and that severely, but such an event as the 'coon's getting away is not recorded in 'Bob's history. In fact, his combative propensities were seldom satisfied by the mere death of the 'coon: he generally in addition took it upon himself to 'pitch in,' and chastise the nearest unlucky cur he could find; and if that gratification were denied him, it was at the risk of his biting some of the hunters. And if, as sometimes happened, the 'coon remained in the top till the tree fell, and then escaped the other dogs in the scramble that ensued, 'Bob'

would attack the pack promiscuously, and a 'general muss' prevailed, until he had half-strangled some of the dogs, or was well-nigh choked to death himself—it mattered not which—when he would condescend to good-humor again, give himself a rousing shake, and return to his hunting.

'But time and tide wait for no man, and with the dog Time's dealings are still more summary than with his master. 'Bob' grew old and feeble. Death found him, one freezing night, on a ragged sheep-skin by the fire-side, where he had been nursed for weeks, and now was mourned by the whole RAIN family.

'I was informed of the sad event the next morning, and requested to furnish the coffin, which I readily did, by sending a pine-box, which had contained boots in my brother's store.

'The little wagon was put in requisition, the same that was formerly appropriated to carrying little JASON, but now the property, by right of descent, through two successions, to young NAPOLEON, the latest white-headed addition to the line of RAIN. Into the wagon was put 'Bob's coffin, and trundled off to the woods. Under a spreading walnut was his grave dug, and all due rites performed. The mourning boys turned sadly homeward, in the belief that his remains would rest in peace for evermore. In this belief, Time showed that they were mistaken. Our little town, like all other little towns, had its special busy-body. Mr. HIRAM BIRK was the man: a little, quick, active creature, with a pair of restless eyes, whose every glance was a series of prying, intrusive, impertinent questions. The perfect opposite, and the particular antipathy of Lawyer RAIN, was HIRAM BIRK.

'Now about a week after the burial of the dog 'Bob,' it fell out that HIRAM BIRK's cows should go astray, and that his boy JERRY should go to look for them, and not find them, but come home and report to his master the finding of a new-made grave in the woods! The cows were immediately forgotten by HIRAM BIRK. 'Bless my soul! JERRY—a grave, JERRY?—a new-made grave, JERRY?—a short, new-made grave, JERRY? A murder committed!—a child's grave!—a child murdered! Who could have done it?—whose child could it be? Bless my soul! JERRY, don't mention it to any one: murderer escape; don't open your mouth about it! Do you hear, boy? Must be investigated! Bless my soul!'

'Very little rest did HIRAM BIRK get that night, and poor Mrs. BIRK, after an ineffectual attempt to learn the cause of his mysterious fidgetyness, went quietly to sleep, knowing that her husband 'had something on his mind,' and fully satisfied that he would never get a moment's peace until he had told her all about it. So good Mrs. BIRK asked no more questions, but, as related, went quietly to sleep—a mode of procedure I venture to recommend to the wives of all fidgety husbands, who 'have something on their minds,' as the most exasperating conduct possible, and the most likely to drive the said husbands to distraction—a punishment richly deserved by all men who 'have something on their minds,' which they do not share with their sweet partners. And if there be any good lady whose laudable spirit of inquiry will not admit of her sleeping under such provocation, let her assume a virtue, if she have it not, and pretend to sleep, and if she will only compromise her angelic nature, by getting up a counterfeit snore, she may rest assured that her husband will either go stark crazy, or, sweet alternative, tell her all about it. Now, I have no certain information that Mr. BIRK did tell Mrs. BIRK all about it, but I am morally sure that when Mr. BIRK rose at day-light next morning, Mrs. BIRK knew all about it. At day-break, Mr. BIRK mounted his horse, and followed by JERRY with a spade, proceeded to the grave. A few feet of earth thrown out, discovered the box, from which emanated a certain scent that satisfied all doubt of the nature of its contents. Mr. BIRK replaced the earth, and rode at once to the residence of 'Squire CARSE, the county-coroner, found the 'Squire at home, and informed him of the awful discovery.

'The 'Squire and Mr. BIRK ate a hasty breakfast and proceeded to town. A jury was summoned and sworn, twelve good men and true. Dr. ROAN and Dr. SLICK, and several younger doctors, were requested to attend, to give their evidence as to the man-

ner of the death of the unknown deceased, and followed by a crowd of boys, idlers, and curious people, the procession marched to the grave. The young RAINS went but a short distance until they learned to what spot this formidable body of dignitaries was bound, when they went off snickering, half-laughing and half-frightened at the possible consequence of the inquisition. But no one paid any attention to their movements, and the party soon arrived at the grave. Those who had brought spades and hoes were about to go to work, when they were peremptorily ordered to hold by Colonel MACRORY, who spoke in a voice of authority, and then drawing a surveyor's compass from under his coat, he proceeded to get the exact bearings of the grave. 'You see, gentlemen of the jury and feller-citizens,' said the Colonel, 'this grave — if it is a grave, and HIRAM BIRK says it is — this grave — admittin' it to be a grave — is mighty nigh north and south. Now, some people mout think it do n't matter — some people think nothin' do n't matter — but them that know better, know that some things *does* matter. Now, I ask you, 'Squire CARSE, and I ask you, Dr. ROAN, and I ask you, DUFF SHUMAKE, I ask you as men of sense and experience, what does this grave argue in regardin' the p'int of the compass?'

'Squire CARSE said he thought the jury ought to make a note of it. Dr. ROAN shook his head gravely, but said nothing.

'DUFF SHUMAKE muttered something about finding a mare's nest, but was told not to make a fool of himself.

'Col. MACRORY proceeded: 'I ask severals of you as men of sense, and as brother Masons, what it argues to find a grave north and south, or mighty nigh to it — why it argues, gentleman of the jury and feller-citizens, that this feller-creeter, if he is a feller-creeter, want buried by the Masons; and if he 's been murdered, upon which pint the jury and 'Squire CARSE is to make *their* verdict; why, it argues, feller-citizens, that this feller-creeter, if he *is* a feller-creeter, haint been murdered if he *has* been murdered, least wise, that *is*, feller-citizens, if any body's been murdered, it haint been done by the Masons, who allers buries east and west.'

'Every body was impressed with the Colonel's sagacity, and amazed at his foresight in bringing the compass; there was a short pause, the party with the spades a little dubious about recommencing their work, lest some other man of wisdom should draw forth some new scientific instrument, to the confusion of any precipitancy on their part. All eyes were turned on 'Squire CARSE; 'Squire CARSE looked at Dr. ROAN. Dr. ROAN shook his head gravely, and raised his cane to his lip in profound consideration. Dr. SLICK got nervous and wiped the perspiration off his bald forehead; and there being no movement to the contrary, 'Squire CARSE waved his hand to the diggers to commence. The first blow on the lid of the coffin produced a hollow sound, and old JONAS CLOCK, who was using one of the spades, turned pale and resigned his place to TOM BEVIS. The earth was carefully removed, and the box lifted out on top of the pile. All gathered eagerly around. The top was removed, the sheepskin thrown aside, and there lay poor old BOB, with his jaws tied up with a white rag, and his paws decently crossed on his breast after the most approved style of the undertaker.

'The scene that ensued was indescribable — so I'll not attempt it. 'Squire CARSE and Colonel MCORRY got very drunk that evening and so continued for eight days, during which time they made repeated efforts to march to HIRAM BIRK's house, and arrest him for a misdemeanor.

'Lawyer RAIN, when told of the affair, for he had been too lazy to walk out with the party, laughed heartily. This unaccustomed proceeding brought on an immediate attack of the spleen, from which he never recovered.

'HIRAM BIRK sold out all his possessions as fast as possible, and went to Arkansas, where he has lately discovered a gold mine, which, when properly worked, is expected to yield him an immense fortune.

'And the RAIN boys are now all grown, sturdy, independent men. JASON is practicing law in Texas, and is the most prominent man in that part of the country, and likely to represent his district in next Congress.'

Capital! — send us 'more such.' - - - THE daily journals, with their extensive corps of accomplished reporters — themselves, with rare exceptions, men of education, and 'up' to any emergency, political or literary — have anticipated the poor weekly, and even less fortunate monthly 'organs,' in spreading before the public, in amplest detail, the proceedings of the late '*Complimentary Fruit-Festival of the New-York Book-Publishers' Association to Authors and Book-Sellers,*' at the Crystal Palace, on the twenty-seventh of September last. It may therefore suffice for us to *repeat*, that most of the prominent American authors and writers, whether of prose or verse — male and female — were assembled together on that brilliant occasion; that *seven hundred* guests were seated at once at the different 'illuminated' tables; that there were pointed toasts, spicy letters, 'telling' speeches; that the effect of all these, under the beautiful tracery of the lofty arches, galleries, and dome of the Great Crystal Palace, was exciting and inspiring, to the last degree; *but* of all this, we have already been duly, amply, *abundantly* informed by the daily press. The opening remarks by WILLIAM H. APPLETON, Esq., explaining the objects of the Association, and the purpose of the Festival, were sententious and in excellent taste. Mr. PUTNAM introduced the regular toasts of the evening with a statistical sketch, which may be commended for the great amount of bibliographical information which it conveys in a marvellously-condensed form. To the second toast, '*American Literature,*' Mr. BRYANT responded in a manner which showed that good writers are not always inferior speakers. His running history of American literature, and comments upon the same, elicited the warmest applause. Rev. Dr. OSGOOD spoke with his accustomed elegance and force upon the 'Fine Arts;' and Judge DUER made a most capital response to the toast, to '*The Bench and the Bar.*' But 'brief must we be.' JAMES T. FIELDS recited in an excellent manner, some felicitous verses, which 'held a delighted audience for about five minutes, and were rapturously applauded.' The '*Blind Preacher*' made a very admirable speech; so did Mr. CHAPIN, (and the most brilliant of the evening, 'out and out,') from which we take the annexed eloquent passage. We wish it were possible to transfer to the printed page the expression and vigor which characterized its delivery. Mr. CHAPIN responded to the toast to '*The Power of the Printing-Press:*'

'BUT even as the concentrated force of public opinion, or the expression of live thought, it is an incalculable power. From its own lips thousands take truth or error. It lines the humblest cottages with its cheap libraries. They will as soon go without their breakfast as without the daily paper; and so wide is its scope and so rapid its movement that people half-way up to Albany will read a report of this meeting before we are half out of bed. And if it engenders evil, it is the only vehicle through which the remedy can be poured into the world. And then, Sir, just consider its power as a money-interest. We are hardly aware, many of us, of the amount of capital which is employed; of the amount of wealth imbedded in stereotype and electrotype-plates alone, crowded in the vaults of great publishers as a merchant crowds the hold of his ship.

'Why, Sir, in this very city there is finest treasure, treasure under ground; not diamonds, not ingots, but treasure worth far more than any said to have been hidden by Captain KIDD. Genii, imprisoned in little boxes, that at the beck of the publishers start out with a power more potent than that of the spirit described in the 'Arabian Tales.' Surely, then, the press does indeed constitute the 'fourth estate;' and if it were not, as I have observed, so democratic, I should say that to it belongs one of the great diadems of the world.

'And thus, Mr. President, the third phase of the printing-press, in the age of steam and electricity, assumes the most momentous interest. For no body can study this wonderful instrument without discovering that mainly, that on the whole, it is an agent of great and beneficent uses.

'I shall not enter, now, into any abstract argument to prove that this is the case, by showing that freedom and intelligence, virtue and religion are linked indissolubly together; and that old MITTON



was right in what he said about truth being left free to combat with error. But, *à priori*, I should believe that the printing-press, in the age of steam and electricity, must be the agent of the highest uses—the best ends, because, Sir, I believe that there is no great action of the natural or social world, *permitted* by PROVIDENCE, without these ends. There was truth in the old conceit that the stars are mated with human destiny, and that distant planets reflect aspects of this earth. There is truth in the conception that every great movement of being and of power involves the purpose of God in regard to humanity.

‘Do you think all these splendid vehicles of communication were matters of pleasure and profit, of commerce and the custom-house? I see a *Providential purpose* *levying on these rail-roads and telegraphs to do its work, and far out on lonely seas it hangs its signal-lanterns on the bows of your steam-ships.*’ And almost the first thought—the comprehensive and most glorious thought—which the printing-press awakens in your mind and my mind and in the mind of every man, is that of great and beneficent uses. All its appurtenances are quickly translated into this meaning. Human measures are defeated, methods fail, but God’s own purposes never; and the processes of His eternal righteousness and truth run in the iron grooves of the printing-press.

‘And so, Mr. President, it is the moral interest of the great power that is represented here tonight, that lends to the occasion its most suggestive aspect. It is the fact that the power wielded by this Publishers’ Association is so much power working, on the whole, against the wrong and the falsehood that are in the world. I look upon these great printing-offices and factories of books as so many moral encampments, and upon these ranks of working men and working women as indeed a vast army arrayed against huge Redans and Malakoffs of evil. Gentlemen of the New-York Publishers’ Association, I thank you for those munitions of war, those embattled hosts and yonder glittering signals of success. Women, bending over your work, toll on, for its leads to a result well worthy the spirit and the true mission of woman. And you, my brethren, with rolled-up sleeves, remember it is a moral wide, a final conflict in which you are engaged. *The rumble of the power-press is better than the rattle of artillery. The click of composing-sticks is more inspiring than the clank of armor, and every type, more sure than a bullet, and shooting noiseless as the summer air, shall hit the mark, though it be a thousand years ahead. Advance, battalions! for with every forward step the old wrong and falsehood of the world grows weaker, and is made ready to pass away.*’

Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER followed in some remarks which would have been heard with more interest, as he himself intimated, if so eloquent an orator as Mr. CHAPIN had not preceded him. And thus terminated, entirely successfully, a Festival which will long be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be present. - - - Is it our friend of the ‘*Bunkum Flagstaff*’ who sends us the following from Silver Lake, the locality of the ‘Grate Sarpent?’ The letter was evidently penned in much haste, and under a good deal of excitement, and the initials are so blotted that we can only decipher what seems like ‘WAGS....,’ in very straggling characters, at the end. The internal evidence of its authenticity is much stronger: ‘JOE GILMAN has just brought over startling news from Snaiktown. It has been seen *again*! Yes—the wreptyle is thair. They are expectink to maik a forchin to-oncet. The Snaik will be kort and egzibited all over the ked’ntry at 25 sents. A stork-kompany has ben form’d, to spekilate into the grate Monster of the Depe—also onto the chansen of ketching the same. The shares are all taken, but the Snaik aint. The monney is all paid in, but the old whaler’s line is n’t all payed out yet. The objek was saw yisterdy onto the bottom of the Laik, with a mairmaid on his back, a-comink of her hair, and the stork-holders’ hartz beat hi—also the shares sell higher. The comepany hev bilt a high observatory, and highered watchmen to ‘observe the ‘Snaik of Snaiks,’ and ‘keap their eye onto him when seen.’ The watchmen stand onto the top of the observatory, being selected from among their fellow-citizens for their superior hite; and the aforesaid being bilt at least fifty feet hi: and the above are paid a high salary, which elewated position nables them to gain a unobstructed view of the broad expans of water, and make affidavys of seeing the Snaik, which doubles the value of the stork: it is a capital stork. Haz been seen every day twicet, and on ‘one occashun only,’ 3 times. On transfer-days it will be vizzible during bizness-hours, (by



order of the Board.) The observatory is furnisht with quizzing-glasses and a telluscope. It is thought that the observatory is suffisiently conspicuous to attrack the notis of the Snaik. And sum people, as is too poor to buy shares, sez if he does twig the preparationz made to ketch him, he will die of laffing, and his skin stuf immedately !' There will be a '*Consolidated United States Snaake Company*' before long ! - - - We know of no present publishers to whom we feel more gratefully indebted for true intellectual enjoyment than to Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, of Boston, for the successive issues of their convenient and beautifully-executed '*New Edition of the English Poets*,' which is also published in New-York by Mr. JAMES S. DICKERSON, Broadway. It seems but yesterday since we received, in five volumes, all the quaint writings of the 'golden-hearted EDMUND SPENSER,' with a noble portrait, and now there lie before us, in three volumes, the complete poetical works of PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY. From the briefer poems of the latter we cannot resist the inclination to transfer for perpetual preservation in these pages, the most touching '*Lines written in Dejection near Naples*.' They are not new, it is true, but how surpassingly pathetic are the lines we have ventured to italicise :

'The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light:  
The breath of the moist air is light,  
Around its unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

'I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:  
I sit upon the sands alone,  
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion,  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

'Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned --  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
Others I see whom these surround;  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

'Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
*I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and still must bear,  
Till death-like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.*

'Some might lament that I were cold,  
 As I when this sweet day is gone,  
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
 Insults with this untimely moan;  
 They might lament; for I am one  
 Whom men love not, and yet regret,  
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
 Shall on its stainless glory set,  
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.'

We may well say, with a contemporary: 'It is almost incredible that such a treasure as this edition of the English poets can be purchased at the low rate fixed by the publishers. The typography is beautiful, the paper exceedingly good for the price, the engravings admirable, and each poet is represented in the fulness of his writings. All that Time has done to perfect a knowledge of their labors will find itself recorded in this edition, which is in every respect fully equal to the London one.' - - - Don't we 'get it' from 'Meister KARL' for a mistake which we made in one of the 'Literary Notices' in our last number? Read, and answer, and commiserate: 'What do you mean by saying of a 'characteristic specimen' of mine, in your October Number, etc., 'that it *ought* to have been sent for a first appearance to us?' *Ought!* ha-a-ay? OUGHT!! Gotteshimmeldonnerwettersturmsackerlotsptzhagelkreuzelementblitzsacramentunddonnerunddorianochienmal! — 'OUGHT!!' Turn your eyes to the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine for November, 1849, you deluded sinner: find page four hundred twenty-five, you heathen. Have you found it, you Philistine? 'Manes!' *There!* Your Magazine goes from the Californicators of the west, to the Chineymen, round by the way of New-York. Where the wild persimmon dances in the evening breeze; where the boomerang flits through the twinkey tree; where the ousquewhap woos in dulcet tones his feathered mate; 'where Brahma's darkness gathers,' and where the polar bear dances his skuijack to the lorn Samryedan maid, your demd old Magazine is read. And all — all of 'em — boomerang, Chineyman, ousquewhap, Brahma, and skuijack, have all been informed that I wrote one of my better pieces and did n't send it to the KNICKERBOCKER. Sir, that piece was written *for* the KNICKERBOCKER — the first three verses thereof having been composed during sermon, in a church, in the pleasant, pretty, amiable and genial New-England village of Dedham. *Ain't* you ashamed? In the KNICKERBOCKER you have it unemasculated and complete. I require *fourteen* distinct retractions of your assertion. I consider the assertion that I *did* not send that piece to the KNICKERBOCKER as Scan. Mag. (who was SCAN. MAG., by the way?) and slander.' - - - WHILE in Louisville, in our recent western trip, it was our good fortune to be entertained at an hospitable mansion in the neighborhood of the city, and the turbulent river that runs thereby. The proprietor of the spacious and beautiful estate, Mr. E —, was absent: but 'the honors' were most cordially rendered by his representative, Captain B —, of the United States Army. We shall invade no rites of hospitality by saying, that for richness and variety of 'all manner of fruits' and rare vegetables, we have never seen an estate to equal this. On each side of the main edifice, a little in the rear, are two handsomely-

painted and carpeted dwellings, the 'quarters' of the colored house-servants. We looked in upon the inmates, and found the apartments as 'neat as a pin' in every part, with good beds, covered with gayly-mosaic'd counterpanes, clean and nice to the last degree. At table, for the first time in our life, we were waited upon by a female slave, a young woman apparently of some twenty-five years of age. She could not have been dressed in better taste, nor have behaved with more quiet self-possession, had she been herself the mistress of the splendid mansion. We were agreeably surprised by this specimen or phase of 'serfdom.' - - - Mr. P. PEPPER PODED will accept our thanks. We share his adoration of 'genus' and his admiration of its renowned exemplar, in the person of Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq. PODED is right. We were *not* disappointed in the bearing and 'feachures' of 'the Grate Pote.' We should like to know who *could* be :

'L. GAYLOR D. CLARK :

*Demosthenes 4 Corners, Oct. 12st, 1855.*

'SIR: I congratulate you. PEPPER is with you! You have *seen* him! You have looked upon his face. You have beheld his person — his gate — his feachures. Did I deceive you? I anticipate your answer: 'You did *not* deceive us: on the contrary, 'The half was not told us.'

'Sir. I send you a letter from PEPPER from the city. It speaks for itself. It is not in blank-verse, his favorite stile; but how compleat and repleat it is with poetic feeling! It breaks out simultaneously, you will perceive, where he speaks of war and bums. *There* — and there only, have I ventured to draw a line under his lubrication.

'Sir: I have known many writers. MILTON is good. JOHNSON (SAMUEL) wrote good, also. But, did they write like PEPPER? Sir — they did *not*.

'I have no hesitation to remark, and I say it with deference, and without preference, that if I understand myself, and I think I do, I do n't know as I ever know'd a man that know'd as much as what PEPPER knows.

'Sir. I am, yours,

P. PEPPER PODED.

'FREN PODED :

'DEER FELER: Hevin got settled into mi new corters, i imejitly remember mi oald reverens & Aw fur your karikter, wich is simular to WASHINKTONS oanli you aint hed no chans to fite & dewelup your Talens. Youm a particelerli mute HAM DONE & a rayther ingloris MILTON (wich Triboot plesse aksep in remembrans of me.)

'altho we new Yorkers doant thine nothink ov it, praps a brefe discripshun of this sity wood be interestin & instructive 2 a kedentry feller like you. new York is comprised onto a iland wich is sevrал mild lonk, & rayther lest, brod. the prinsipal rode is Brodway, besydes wich their is as much as 19 or 20 uthers, be the saime moar or lest. You ken git the best Liker hear ov any placet of its sise into the unitedn Statesn. in varis plasis is a liburty Poal, oald with aig. their is a muse-eum hear kep bi a mr. barnum, (wich last is a Umbug ov the larg gray kynd.) hear is to be seen the SNAIK wich fit with the ALEGAITER in gottimali. (n. b. The tale is suplide by a god-fish.) the other thinks aint much. there is a Drammy attach to it wich the performers complanes ov mr. b. he waus all the moril parts to hisself. he is very affectin in the cryin parts, & kin imetait a rale dyink cristian so well you thinc hese a-goin rite up, wich is a mistaik. here is oshuns of hansum wimmin, (the 1st into the sity,) to be sene at al ours. they lok helthy, & hev red

chees. they air cuite frenli, 2, & aint  $\frac{1}{2}$  as stiff as kedentry girls. this is al i ken thine ov now. so ile giv you discripshun ov mi adventers sens i lef your hospital Manshun.

'It wos *al rite* onto the bote. didert you notis how the Captins is sparkel wen you introdoos me? So thay did al the way down. he was complainink of soar is wen we got hear. he giv me the 1st chop of everythink, & i dident hev to pay a red sent. i heerd a lady wisper whoos that distinguish furrin lookin individuoal, a lenink so grasefully onto his elbo? wen she found out, she coodent help fallin into love imejitly. but as i discoverd as her father was only a oldurman, i verry proper looct coald onto her. (besydes, how cood i forgit HANAH GANE!) wen i was a-comink of ov the bote, the yung lady stood there with her frens, & sed, here comes the red-hared foo-foo agin! wich was verry kynd ov her, as i am alus anxius to be noan. from the '*red hare*,' & not noink wot '*foo-foo*' ment, i thoght at 1st she was mad a little; but a yung man which i saw afigurwerds sed '*foo-foo*' ment '*german Barren*,' & that the germans (espeshally the Barrens) wares red hare out of chois. how stronk is *woomins afekshun*! she doant chaing fur nothink.

'How they pull a feler, onto the docs! wen i got of, sum litle Bois cumd a-run-nink up, & sed al to onct — cary your carpit-bag, mister? teched bi sech kyndnes, i was givin it to 1 ov em wen a nuther 1 sed — ile cary it fur 5 sents; 1 more yeld with teres into his is 4 sents, & so they kep a-goin down, a hunchin ov each uther, til 1 sed, ile cary it fur nothink, & as i coodent wate fur em to git to paying me fur the chans, i let the last boy hev it, fur which priveleg he semed moar thankfle than i was to git it dun so chepe. as i was a-goink to *Nickerbocker Offis* 1st, i ask a man with a wip ware Brodway was, & he sed 4 mild firther on, & ask me ef ide hev a carrig — only a doler. noink i coodent afoard it, i toald him i was fond ov walkin, wich he sed it was cuite lucky i was. after goin 3 or 4 blocs i cumd to a nice wide rode & a L ov a nois. i ask a man wot it was cald, wich looct at me a spel as ef struc with Astonishmeant, and sed — ware did you come from, greny, thats Brodway — & then i new the man with the wip hed ben a-lyink. i was a-goin bac to lic him, but thot i woodent.

'wen ide got up a little ways i met a well dres yung man wich looc egzackli as i looc into a glass; it was gest as ef a man walks out and sees hisself a-comink alonk. i could see Genus in his i. he notist i was a lookin at him, so he cum up and inter-doos hisself as mr. P. k. Pockit. wen i toald him who i was he went into rapchers, sed he admyred me so much as he dident know as hede be abel to expres hisself. he ofered to show me sum sites, so we went alonk together. we sune cum to a plais dug out in the syde walk ware thay was a-buildink a cupel ov uvens-lyke. he sed wede hev war sune, & them was to put Bums in, to blo up the British & French. he sed evry hous hed 1 or 2, reddy to tech of. wot a awfle plais fur a horstil Army! *i thinc i here sumthink go of now — & se about 1 thousan evacuatun ov the sity. i thinc i se a hull Army fall bac! i thinc i here em cus!* & then i thinc i doant.

'Perti sune we cumd to a corner, wen mi fren remarc that a man wantid to se him, a few dores down this strete, & toald me to wate fur him. i ges lykeli he foun his fren, fur i watid so lonk that foalks toald me to moov on, or els git mi fete out ov the way; boath ov wich i finelly did. wen i got to 348 i foun i hed to cros the rode, & *bi gimini!* ow the dryvers swoar at me! i cum purty nere gittin rund over 2, also ov fallin down & gittin mi pans derty. wen the Boy giv me mi carpit bag, wot was mi surpris to hev him put out his han & say — cum, mister, & over that shad-seall! *Sech lyink!* i was so astonish i stood putrifide to the spot. i rase

mi bag to stryke at im, wen he rund of, observin—*peraps i dident se no boddy a-<sup>a</sup>ndlin ov your odd silver watch nor nothink!* wick alas! Podd, wasent no goko. it was gone! i went up stares with a evy Art, & a tere into mi i.

'wen MR. HEWSTON discover who was his vissiter, he manifes depe emoshun; & smoothink ov his gray & wite Baird sed—this is the provdes moment ov mi lyfe; wick i thought cuite lykeli. a yung man cald SLY fel onto his nee, & gase at me with speechles addorashun. SLY, sed MR. HEWSTON, we wont were no moar to-day. MR. PEPPER, air you fond ov Appel? wen i replide i was, he toald MR. SLY to go out & git me 1: wick roas & went. i foun how rite was his naim, wen he caim bac. the Appel had a pece bit out. wen i remarc onto the goodnes of proffidens in a-maikin ov The Appel, he sed Appel was good. then he sed the Publishers Ass<sup>tion</sup>, hevin herd i was a-comink, wantid me to oner the cristle Palis with mi presens at a Feast of Authers, amungst wick i stood so elevatid. their, sed he, youll git lots ov the produckshuns ov the Orcherd, ef you doant git nothing els, wick last part he spoak into a meloncolly toan, as i afterwerds discuverd he hed resun for. he now give me a wite card about foot wyde with 'G. P. P.' rote onto it in ritink, wick evidenli ment—Giv Pepper Plais. any ways i no it hed that effec.

'wile i was a-settin their, who shood cum in but MR. CLARK. he new me by instine imejitly, & in a Profetic vois sed—I new as how Gratoes was hear! & now ow do you fine yourself't, O yooth't? to wick i replide into mi usooal grasefle stile, after wick we went down & hed Clamb into the  $\frac{1}{2}$  shel. He sed i mus go hoam with him, up the ryver, & in hail the patriotic are ov WASHINKTONS Hed  $\frac{1}{2}$ s, & JOHN ANDERSONS gallus. no sooner sed than dun. at 3 p. m., wick was a few ours after, we startid; & into a incredibel short spais ov tyme we glyded ore lower part ov the Udson, & foun ourselvs  $\frac{1}{2}$  way up a ill in Piermont, standink be4 a Butifle cottig, & engoyink a splendid vew ov the ryver conscoled bi fog. i aint got tyme, & it wood-ent be fare to tel al about wot i saw, & did, & herd, & thought, &c. ile oanli remarc that thay was so kynd it seam as ef i was bac to mi dere fren Podd's agin! i thinc as hapend nex day, aflecktid me 2 teres. wile we was to dinner, in cum MR. N—— (wick is a fine man) with 3 red peppers, maid into a bo k, wick he sed his wife't sent fur a Triboot to Genus. MR. CLARK got up & maid a Butifle speech, presentin ov em to me, & sot down onct moar to his Lam. i tooc the Triboot with emoshun, & wen i roas to respon, mi teres run so i coodent. i never was so afectid into mi lyfe—& i hoap i never shel be agin, at lest not into the sain way. mi apetiati was completeli spile't.

'I thinc i muss rite about seein the Relicts ov the Revolooshun sum futer tyme: but i cant help spekin of MR. FOLGER, the gentelmanli oaner and proprieter ov the '76th Hous.' ef his I shood perceiv this, may it lite onto it with plesoor & a smil: his wife also.

'I am stoppink now at St. NICKOLAS Hous, becos it souns so much lik NICKER-BOCKER. How differen to 'mi little hous a-fruntin onto the Laik!' altho i git the werth ov mi munny, i shant hev no munny to *git* the werth ov, ef i stay hear much longer: i shel hev to looc for a hoam kep bi sum Benevolen femail, wot givs you chepe vitle.

'i went up to *cristle Palis* amungst the uther authers, and hed a golly tyme. severil ov em sed how thay coodent thine of writin eny moar boocs now *ide* comensed. MR. O'BRIAN (a pote) with a wite Baird, sed my stile't was a lonk shot ahd ov hissen. he confes mi '*Grete Slaiv*' cuite noc the spots off ov his '*Tanny-topsyturny*,' he sed oald as he was he ment to bete me yet: but he *ca-a-a-ant*, you se; no use't tryink. i no dout hele conclood to stic to his *Poast*, lik a sensibel man, & not tri to fli lik egle.

' WASHINGTON IRVING shed teres when he see me. he sed i remynd him of *somnolen Jo*, in *Pickwick* (wots that, i wunder?) not to show mi ignorens, i sed — so a grate menny hev toald me; wich seme to plesse him. he sed he wish he cood go out and drine with me, but he supoas hede hev to stay their, & droun hisself in the Aquis Elemen. i foun Appel their. Appel was good. I long-windy feler, after hevin a pare ov tin Lunks maid (as i am creditabli inform) — but i muss stop. ile tel you moar in mi nex.

'Yours wile the Vitle Sparc continuoos to shyne't,

'To P. PEPPER PODD, Esq.,  
'North D: 4. C.'

K. N. PEPPER.

PEPPER AND PODD! — appreciative pair! - - - 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' who never does any thing ill, has 'carried out his principles' to the letter, in the subjoined lines, hight 'The Rail:'

'I MET him in the cars  
Where resignedly he sat;  
His hair was full of dust,  
And so was his cravat:  
He was furthermore embellished  
By a ticket in his hat.

'The conductor touched his arm,  
And awoke him from a nap,  
When he gave the feeding flies  
An admonitory slap,  
And his ticket to the man  
In the yellow-lettered cap.

'So, launching into talk,  
We rattled on our way,  
With allusions to the crops  
That along the meadows lay —  
Whereupon his eyes were lit  
By a speculative ray.

'The heads of many men  
Were bobbing as in sleep,  
And many babies lifted  
Their voices up to weep;  
While the coal-dust darkly fell  
On bonnets in a heap.

'All the while the swaying cars  
Kept rumbling o'er the rail,  
And the frequent whistle sent  
Shrieks of anguish to the gale,  
And the cinders pattered down  
On the grimy floor like hail.

'When suddenly a jar,  
And a thrice-repeated bump,  
Made the people in alarm  
From their easy cushions jump;  
For they deemed the sound to be  
The inevitable trump.

'A splintering crash below,  
A doom-foreboding twitch,  
As the tender gave a lurch  
Beyond the flying switch,  
And a mangled mass of men  
Lay writhing in the ditch.

'With a palpitating heart  
My friend essayed to rise;  
There were bruises on his limbs  
And stars before his eyes,  
And his face was of the hue  
Of the dolphin when it dies.

'I was very well content  
In escaping with my life,  
But my mutilated friend  
Commenced a legal strife;  
Being thereunto incited  
By his lawyer and his wife.

'And he writes me the result,  
In his quiet way, as follows:  
That his case came up before  
A bench of legal scholars,  
Who awarded him his claim  
Of \$1500!'

There is just satire in this. - - - The story about PRENTICE, of the *Louisville Journal*, which made us laugh in even *thinking* of, while we saw him, (in a visit of five minutes,) sitting at his editorial table, was this. It was, as we have said, an 'awful' hot day in Louisville. The pale-blue eyes of his regardful amanuensis were directed toward his small jet-black 'sparklers,' as much as to say, 'What next?' and the half-sheet of ochre-yellow wrapping-paper before the scribe was yawning for the 'utterance.' We knew what a 'bore' was, to an editor, and was not desirous to 'fuse' with the class. As we looked, however, we could not choose but think what 'good



things' had gone out from the man; how often, in times by-past, the '*Journal*' had given a sting by a squib, that was inflamed anew every time it was afterward thought of, though years had elapsed since the little stab had been given. Then we remembered his advent in that beautiful and flourishing city; his contest with TROTTER; an antagonist-editor of the fire-eating school, who had previously killed a brace of opponents in duels, and his triumphant issue out of the same; being enabled, in the final result, to characterize his discomfited combatant, as a man who had sought his life 'with the malignity of an assassin, and the nerves of an old woman.' And then came the remembrance of the before-hinted-at anecdote, or story. When PRENTICE was a student at an academy in C —, Connecticut, through rivalry of *some* kind, he incurred the envy and jealousy of a young lawyer, who *manifested* the same to such an extent, that an open rupture occurred between the 'parties' of the 'first' and 'second part.' The poison rankled and ripened; recrimination and mutual anger ensued; even personal violence was threatened, and attempted to be put in execution, as follows: Three negroes of the village were hired by the young lawyer to call at night upon Mr. PRENTICE, under some apparently plausible pretext, and to give him a sound beating. They called accordingly; but the proposed recipient of 'punishment' had, by some friendly listener, been made aware of the proposed visit, and its object; and when they came, he was quite prepared to receive them. They began to state their assumed errand, when Mr. PRENTICE said: 'Step to the door for a moment; I wish to meet a friend who desires to see me, while passing hurriedly up the street in his wagon.' The negroes preceded him to the door. When they had reached the door-step, he put on his hat, drew from his pocket a pistol, cocked it, and pointing its deadly muzzle toward the black belligerents, said: '*I know* you — who sent you — what you were to do. I've heard it all. Now form in single file, *and march!* I shall follow you; and the first scoundrel of you who attempts to diverge from a straight line of march shall receive the contents of this pistol, as sure as I am a living man!' They formed in line, as commanded: they were marched through three or four short streets, and were finally brought to a halt in front of the law-office of their employer, who was awaiting them, and their report, when their commander said: 'Front face — salute your officer! Eyes right! *You are dismissed!*' And home walked the afterward-renowned Editor, without hindrance or molestation. We heard this story years ago. - - - As we go to press, we rejoice to be enabled to say, that the terrible pestilence which has prevailed to such a truly awful extent in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia, is wholly staid. Thank God! And now that it *is* arrested, forget not how it was engendered, and do all honor to our city authorities for their rigorous enforcement of the laws of quarantine. A single ship at Norfolk, from an infected port, according to a report in that excellent work, the '*Virginia Medical and Surgical Journal*,' was the certain source of this dreadful calamity. So it was in our own State, in the last visit which '*Yellow Jack*' paid us. In our very sanctum in the '*Shanghai House*,' on the slope above us, over-looking the Tappaan-Zee, died a Mr. JESSUP — his brother was taken with the fever at



Rondout, from a schooner which brought fruit there from the West-Indies, to which he had the first access, after the hatches were unclosed, and the cargo of the vessel broken open. A large number who entered with him, or during the day, while the bulk was first being broken, took the fever, with a majority of whom the disease proved fatal. The malady was unmistakably Yellow Fever. Our friend and neighbor, Dr. HOPSON, of Piermont, attended upon the case, in consultation with Dr. HOFFMAN, of our city. The wife and six children of the victim all escaped intact: nor was there afterward the slightest trace of the disease in the neighborhood, although there was constant contact with the family by all who were in attendance. - - - THERE is no necessity of introducing the following: and that is the reason why we don't do it. It speaks for itself:

'Rail Bird Shooting.

BY H. P. LELAND.

'He went out in the morning early,  
Cocked and primed was he,  
'I'll bring home a load of RAILS!'—  
Was his mental soliloquy.  
He hired a splendid 'pusher,'  
A cock-eyed, stout-built man,  
Who'd always stand by liquor,  
'As long as water ran.'

'His 'ammunition-box'  
He put in the stern of the boat.  
He loaded his KRIDER gun;  
He took off his shooting-coat.  
'I'll have warm work to-day,'  
He spoke—but a gentle creek!  
Showed him a Rail just rising,  
So he raised his gun to his cheek.

'Rip-bang!' went the right-hand barrel.  
'Mark!' said the pusher: then  
Uprose from the reeds another Rail;  
Rose up—to fall again!  
He loaded and fired away  
Till the tide began to fall;  
Up to his knees in Rails he stood,  
The BRAG-SHOT of them all.

'We'd better git out of this,  
For the tide's a running down!'—  
Thus spoke the stout-built pusher,  
As he whirled the boat around.  
No answer the gunner made;  
For he was taking a drink

Out of a big black bottle  
Containing rum—I think.

(GUNNER *speaks*.)

'I want more *Rails*, by thunder!  
To fence my hunger in:  
I've only shot six dozen yet:  
To knock off now's a sin.'

(PUSHER *answers*.)

'I rather think I've got  
Three dozen 'staked out' here.  
You'll make the bulliest shooting  
Been done down here *this* year!'

'Then fraternally both took a drink  
From the big black bottle of rum.  
The stout pusher said, with a wink,  
'I guess that liquor's *some*!'—  
Over the side of the boat,  
Over the side leaned he,  
And pulled in the 'staked out' Rail;  
'You've shot *nine* dozen!' said he.

'As he turned to hand them over  
To the gunner in the stern,  
The bottle tripped up his foot,  
And he made an over-turn.  
Into six foot mud and water  
Went gun, men, birds, and all;  
And—then came the *genuine railing*,  
RAILING with shout and bawl!'

Now this is what we call 'very clever.' - - - NEVER attempt to jump upon a rail-car when in motion. When the moving power is a locomotive, *never* do it, and when it is a *city* car, always get on *behind*. While on our recent Western trip, we stopped at Corning, on the Erie Rail-Road, for a moment; and while we were taking a glass of ice-lemonade, from a boy

with a 'fountain' on the platform, off started the train, without signal, by steam-whistle, 'All aboard!' or otherwise, and off started also two rail-road friends, who jumped upon the platform of the middle-cars while they were in motion; the hindermost being nearly thrown under the wheels by a trunk standing end-wiss on the platform. We heeded not the 'Jump on!' of our friends, and away went the train. We started *after* it, and thanks to the kind courtesy of the conductor, Mr. TOMES THOMPSON, we were enabled to reach it, 'weary and way-worn,' and out of a large amount of breath. But if it had been to lose the entire trip, we should not have jumped upon the moving train. The very next day, a most promising young gentleman of Buffalo had his right leg cut completely off above the knee, by falling under the cars, in attempting to jump upon the train, from the same platform. Think of what we are saying, reader, whenever or wherever you are tempted to jump upon any but the hind-end of the *last* car of a moving train. *Never do it!* You may repent it for life! - - - We hope that the following may make many a panic-stricken person pause, before proceeding to extremities with a fear-haunted, faithful dog, only *supposed* to be rabid. CHARLES LAMB's advice was: 'If a dog, inferred to be mad, bites your child, kill the child at once, and let the dog live, that you may test the fact whether he was rabid or not.'

'DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: Your Northern papers teem with terrible accounts of hydrophobia; but here in the South, in over twenty years' residence, I have never met a single well-authenticated case. Southern dogs do not go mad — neither here, nor in Egypt, nor in Syria, nor in Thibet, nor in Turkey, and not in Africa, nor in Australia, as far as heard from. Hydrophobia, like Fourierism, and Bloomerism, and Communism, and Abolitionism, and Spiritualism, and Free-Soilism, and Angel-Gabrielism, and Higher-Lawism, and a variety of other *isms*, is a peculiar institution confined to a northern climate, and incapable of production in this soil. My private theory is this: That that imitative and sagacious creature, the dog, in order to qualify himself for the society of man, his master and patron, voluntarily goes mad in your part of the Union, where all those species of lunacy prevail; but this theory of mine let no man adopt without due observation and reflection.

'True we poison our dogs, here in New-Orleans, but it is a custom kept up more in compliance with the fears of our Northern friends among us than from any real danger.

'The writer once had a dog, and thereby hangs a tale, which, with your permission, he will proceed to unfold as *apropos*. The dog was bought from the mate of a ship in Mobile Bay; he cost a price — no matter how much; I was young then, and had no bills payable to provide for. ROVER was a splendid fellow:

"His month, his size, his hair, his lugs  
Showed he was none of Mobile's dogs,  
But whalpit somewhere far abroad  
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

In short, he was a genuine Newfoundlander — and cost money — and was brought to New-Orleans to be sent to a lady in Texas. As to the lady, who she was, or why the dog was to be sent to her, these particulars in no manner affect this narration, and are therefore very properly omitted. ROVER arrived here one intolerably hot morning in July, and was placed in charge of the porter at the grocery-store

sixty-six Magazine-street. Here he showed great uneasiness, howling and struggling to get loose, and at length broke his chain, scrambled over the warehouse wall, leaped into a boarding-house, dispersed its inmates, cleared the kitchen, and raising a muss generally, darted into the street, pursued by all the boys in the neighborhood. He took his course down the Levy, showers of brick-bats followed him, draymen threw their whips at him, laborers their cotton-hooks, hucksters their rotten oranges, and every soul cried out 'Mad Dog!' as loud as he could bawl. ROVER ran as only scared dogs can run, and seeing the masts of the vessels in the Third Municipality, he headed straight for what he had always found to be a home and a refuge, a ship; but he was intercepted at the Picayune Ferry by a party of skirmishers, advantageously posted on an oyster-shell bank, and was compelled to wheel short for the river; he sprang on board of the steam-boat 'Nashville,' and was there received by a galling fire of lightwood knots from the crew; rendered desperate by this sort of treatment, he scampered up on the hurricane-deck and pitched over-board into the river. From the water he was dragged out by a courageous person in a green blanket, with a cat-fish hook on the end of a long stick, and securely tied to a steam-boat cable.

'I had just finished a good dinner when the news of the dog's escape reached me. I easily traced him to the Levy, and there found him the point of attraction to a vast multitude: loafers, laborers, wharf-rats, and all that class of indescribables who seem to have been near the spot on watch, and immediately rush in and take possession the moment a fire, an accident, a fight, or any other excitement occurs. In the midst lay poor ROVER, howling piteously, foaming at the mouth, struggling in strong convulsions, and biting clear through his tongue as he snapped and gasped; while his eyes were red and lurid, their speculation gone; and there also stood my friend JOE BURKE, with a COLT's revolver at the dog's head, considering how he could manage to blow his brains out without making a family shot of it; and killing a score or so of the American public who stood, crouched, and sat in range in every possible direction. I begged my friend JOE to hold up. JOE is remarkably prompt in action—man of quick decision: had he then shot the dog we should have reported a well-marked case of hydrophobia; but as he seemed about to depart without the aid of gun-powder, we awaited the event. His struggles grew weaker, until at last he lay perfectly still, to all appearance dead. 'Poor ROVER,' said I, 'farewell; you will never again breast the foaming surge, never plunge through the deep in the cause of drowning humanity, never gambol and roll in wild play through the mountain snow-drifts of your native land; and moreover, poor fellow, you'll never go to Texas and see your sweet mistress,' which just then I thought the greatest misfortune of all. Perhaps I did not say all this. No; on reflection I'm very confident I did not say it, but I thought it, which amounts to the same thing so far as the dog is concerned, and it should have been addressed solely to the dog.

'Poor ROVER,' said I, and his ears feebly moved, his eyes opened in glad intelligence, and his poor draggled tail made an effort at wagging; in a few minutes he staggered to his feet and looked around in recognition; consciousness had returned and mind resumed her empire, as they say in the novels. That same evening, after a moderate dinner and a sound sleep, ROVER and myself were passengers on a Red-River packet. I had many misgivings as to the bestowal of ROVER, but after due inquiry gave him in charge of the second cook, a man of the philosophy of the stoics, who regarded the evils of life a part of a great whole; the absence of ice, the drunkenness of the pilot, and the leakiness of the boiler were all trivial matters:

and, moreover, he was of the Baptist persuasion, and therefore, it is presumed, not liable to be bitten by a dog of ROVER's intelligence, if ROVER should relapse into a second fit of hydrophobia. But ROVER did not relapse; he reached Texas in fine health, and was praised and caressed to his heart's content; fetched and carried, and brought drowning kittens out of the creek, and no doubt would have saved children quite as readily, had they afforded him an opportunity by tumbling in; and he still lives a large, handsome dog, too fat, lazy, and dignified to make himself amusing; too good-natured for a guard; too clumsy for a pet; too much encumbered with hair and flesh for any sort of hunting, but altogether as fine and as useful a Newfoundland dog as I have ever seen in this country. Now, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, for the moral. It is this: Every dog that takes fits is not mad: if he is properly secured let him not be destroyed: he will probably recover and never have another attack. This is in the case of a good dog: if it should be a worthless, annoying cur, kill him quick while you have a good excuse.

'Yours ever,

PHILO-CARLO.'

Dogs! bark your thanks. - - - 'Our short summer,' writes 'C. D. S.,' a favorite Canadian correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, 'is just winding up with the transient glories of a Quebec October;' which 'glories' he proceeds to depict in the subjoined beautiful lines. If our friend could look at this moment from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' upon the deep-blue Tappan-Zee, reflecting serenest skies, and upon the far-stretching inland landscape, and the surrounding Highlands, all bedight with such brilliant colors as no artist's pencil could reveal, surely he would rejoice in the sight:

'Autumn in the Hills.

'Time is on the autumn yellow,  
Short will be the golden days,  
Sad and short the glory mellow  
Of the calm October haze.

'Paint for me the glory dying,  
Swift must ply the pencil bold  
That would seize the splendors flying  
O'er the autumn's cloth of gold.

'Up the rugged-edged horizon,  
Catch the changes as they creep,  
In chromatic ridges rising  
From the valley-shadows deep.

'Purple-mantled sits the mountain,  
Cushioned on the yellow vale;  
Silver-stemmed beside the fountain  
Gleams the lamp of the birch-tree pale.

'Through the golden, hazy reaches  
Radiant bars of sun-light come,  
Slanting down among the beeches,  
Where the wood-grouse rolls his drum.

'In the trembling light the spruces  
Waver on the hill-sides old,  
Revellers in velvet raiment,  
Overlaid with larchen gold.

'Oh! like dreaming is the gleaming  
Of the autumn-tinted hills;  
Sketcher, darker grows their beaming,  
While thy hand the picture fills.

'Passing is the autumn yellow,  
Short will be the golden days  
Of the Indian Summer mellow,  
And the bright October haze.

'For the wild-fowl's trumpet ringing,  
Over-head the silence breaks,  
See the phalanx southward winging  
From the marshy northern lakes.

'Clouds are curling, smoke is whirling,  
Rain is in the driving racks;  
Comes a hand the dead leaves hurling,  
Dreary days are on our tracks.'

Yet this is the 'Sabbath of the Year.' - - - WHETHER it was ignorance or affectation, we could not say; but while taking with a friend a hurried steak at a restaurant, as we were about departing for 'up-river,' we over-heard this colloquy from the 'precinct' of the bar. 'Some bec-ar, please.' A glass

was evidently drawn and passed to the speaker. 'Oh! ah! — is n't this your *common* bee-ar? — your *small* beer? I want a glä-ä-ss of the *ne-yew* keind of bee-ar — the *lä-ä-ger* bee-ar, don't ye see?' As he went away without grumbling, it is to be inferred that he obtained a 'larger' glass of 'la'ger bee-ar,' the 'popular' German beverage, which 'cheers but not inebriates' those who desiderate it. - - - Is n't it curious how thoughts will associate and 'connect' in one's brain? Looking just now over the beautiful specimens of letters, of all varieties, contained in Mr. McLEES' new work — a perfect *valde-mecum* for all *letterers*, whether bank-note engravers, sign-painters, or type-founders — we were taken back to Cincinnati. For, with the sight of these graceful specimens came at once to mind the delightful trip which, with our travelling-companions, we took with Superintendent BRADLEY, of the Miami Rail-Road, to Columbus: a pleasant season, not to be forgotten. Also in the morning, at wide-spread, level Columbus, how we looked from the windows of our excellent hotel, fronting the capitol, (of marble, and imposing in dimensions, but dome too *peaky*, and windows *much* too small,) and saw a huge structure afar off, surrounded by a vast wall, and puffing forth steam and smoke along and over its sides. That was the *Ohio States Prison*. We had expressed a wish to visit it. BRADLEY, with no farther hint — it is '*his way*' — had a carriage at the door for us, and together we went. What a prison! A vast open court is inside, where stalk tame deer, and peacocks flaunt their gay plumage in the sun. 'But what of *Letters*?' asks some impatient reader. Why, this: in going through the work-shops, we saw wood-letters, *made by steam-moved machinery*, in all varieties. It was a beautiful sight — so simply and rapidly was the whole thing performed. And the very prisoner who made the letters we thought might, should he chance to escape, be recalled to his labors, by impressions from the very types which he was making for the extensive contractors, Messrs. W. F. and S. D. DAY, who likewise furnish, for all the great Mississippi Valley, and the 'far, *far* West,' borders, presses, and all kinds of printing materials. - - - WE like, once in a while, a little good-natured satirical burlesque; and here is a capital specimen of the same, from the '*Evening Post*.' It hits off a certain ambitious 'E. M.,' who is often before the public upon the great topic of '*The Weather*.' After it has been uninterruptedly hot for a couple of weeks, he lets us know that we have had a 'heated term,' and when it is cold, he will tell to a day when it ceased to be hot, and began to be cold! He 'predicts' events also that happen all over the world, the very day he hears of them; while his mysterious 'WIRES!' connect with all creation:

'THE present cold snap commenced at 2.35 p. m. on the afternoon of Sunday, the 25th instant. Should it continue until 2.35 p. m. of next Sunday evening, it will have passed through seven vertical sections of fourteen great circles, and the fraction of another, (the chord of the arc being always equal to the hypothenuse of the radius.) From records which I have kept at intervals of two hours with entire regularity, ever since a little before the date of BRADDOCK's defeat, (using for that purpose two self-registering thermometers, a second-hand spirit-level, and some smoked glass,) it appears that this cold period has been accompanied by librations on the wires, which in their remarkable intensity have rarely been surpassed. In about three years and six months from the present time, earthquakes of moderate or average severity may reasonably be expected

to be heard of as having occurred within a few days past in the extreme southern circumpolar regions.

'From the same cause, or one nearly connected with it, doubtless arises the interesting increase in the number of still-born children and slunk kittens during the late meteorological cycle.

'With regard to the method by which my observations are taken, it is proper to observe that the positive extremity of my chief magnetic wire rests on the bottom of the rain-water cistern in my back-yard, while the negative extremity is connected with the earth through a hole in a one-story wooden building on the rear of my lot.

'It may be interesting to remark, that the first blue-jay which I observed in the year 1837, was as early as the 12th of April, 1838. The common poke generally appears earlier, and is partial to the poke-berry, while quails (which the children of Israel desired when in the wilderness) prefer buck-wheat.

'It is wonderful to reflect that common soap is made of fat (an animal product) and ley or lie. They combine in various proportions, and become electro-positive during the process. Its manufacture is elevating, ennobling, and instructive; the result is emollient and detergent; and in its application to members of the community, often most beneficial.'

OUR friend 'H. P. L.' will pardon the necessity which compelled us to lay over until now his clever sketch of '*The Malcontent*.' It has lost nothing, however, by the delay:

'Arr, ça! JIMBY, veux tu te tenir mieux que ça, t'as l'air d'un serin. . . . Je ne te mènerai plus en société si tu n'as pas de chic. CORALIE DU QUARTIER BREDA.'

'HAVE you been sick, my cheerful friend?' said I to JIMBY, as I grasped that talented character by the hand and gazed upon his shaven head.

'Yes, sick—at heart, proceeding from the head,' he replied. 'It's all owing to those old Zouaves: why did they ever leave Algiers to the tune of *Partant pour la Syrie*, and get lithographed?'

'Drawn before quartered?'

'Bosh!' said JIMBY: 'come round to my rooms, and over a bottle of claret and 'Queen of the Antilles' segars, I'll tell you a tale should be told by the gas-light alone.'

'The claret was up to the mark; as for the segars—have you ever smoked them?—words stagger round when they try to describe that brand. JIMBY, snugly settled in an arm-chair, thus gave voice:

'I went into old FRISEUR's one night—very warm night. You know old FRISEUR? Capital hair-cutter. No body in his rooms. Don't like crowded rooms; do you? Took off my coat and cravat—how do you like this cravat I've got on?—hung them up, and just then saw an engraving—new one; old FRISEUR just got it. Zouave defending the body of a *vivandière*; elegant engraving, full of fire—smoke in the back-ground; terrible-splendid pair of moustachios, as long as my arm; big breeches, determination, energy, soul and very little hair on his head. How do you like these segars? pretty good, eh? Says I, 'FRISEUR, how would I look with hair cut like that?'

'It is more baycooming to gennelmen of more broadair four-heads. Cut zat a way we have a costume in Paris to name it MALCONTENT, saving zat in zis mode it is more brushéd upper on the four-head. If I shall name a mode, I wood racker-mend *Louis Cat-horse*, leetle as you ware it now; or even *Virgile* soots wal on you phiz; or *mon Dieu! Napoleon ze Grate*, wizz a sheutle locks a hanging this a way; and here he pulled a rat-tail down over the middle of his forehead, and looked like a three-cent plaster-cast of the 'LITTLE CORPORAL.'

'Cut ahead, FRISEUR!' said I. 'Go it on the 'MALCONTENT'; that means discontented in French; don't it? Go on: I'll look like any thing to be like that



Zouave in the picture, big breeches, glory, smoke;' and here FRISEUR's scissors commenced a lively tune on my cranium. Lock after lock—elegant curly hair I used to have, you know—fell on the floor.

'Got any contract to furnish hair to mortar-men building houses?' said I.

'Not at praysent,' answered old FRIZZER.

'To cut the matter short, in twenty minutes he had done the same with my hair, only a little more so. I won't say I looked like a shaved pig, that's low, but I felt like one, that's lower. Had n'ta hair on my head a quarter of an inch long; felt glad DAMOCLES' sword did n't hang over me tied up by one of them. Hat came down over my nose. Went home, took a bath, went to my chamber, picked up both hair-brushes—had no use for them! Looked in the glass, had to call the waiter—yes, called the waiter to get some ice-water, and took a drink of brandy; very nice thing for the nerves. Hair stood up on my head like circus-boys. Swore!—swore the handles off my bureau. No help for it; warm night; hate warm nights; don't you? Had to dress—evening dress, you know—and called on ladies—strangers. Had just arrived in city. Had n't seen them for a year before. Sent in cards—went in; people looked at me half-civilizedly; spoke to SUGAR ESTATE, had forgotten me; spoke about rides, drives, dances, recalled scenes and so forth.

'Can it be possible,' said she, 'that you are the same Mr. JIMBY'—throwing a look at my shaved head—'we had the pleasure—but you have been ill since we last met?'

'I am convalescent,' I answered. 'I would not do, with my round head; I might have rowed my heart out against such a tide of cavalier prejudice. I had won her by capillary attraction and lost her for want of it. Some body else is cultivating that SUGAR ESTATE. This horrid appearance of my head worries me. I've become absent-minded.

'Wits have gone wool-gathering?'

'Yes, met with no success; life is a blank, I'm sorrowful: in the hey-day of youth have no sun-light of mirth to make it with. My woes are too numerous to mention, for particulars see small bills. And then I've been called impolite, because, in order to hide my diminished head, in several places I've worn my hat where I ought to have taken it off. No matter, my hair'll grow, my strength will return, and

'The MORAL of all which is?'

'Have n't got any morals,' interrupted JIMBY: 'people now-a-days never have any to their tales. Take another segar and my advice: If you are *mal-content*, don't have your hair cut that way, unless it becomes you.'

H. P. L.'

We are not 'malcontent' with this. - - - Our old confrère and correspondent, 'RICHARD HAYWARD,' paid us literally a 'flying visit' the other day, accompanied by a brace of friends of like genial kidney. In their little private yacht they came: and in three-quarters of an hour after leaving 'Locust-Cottage,' opposite the most towering part of the Pallisados, they had entered and glided over the Tappaän-Zee, and arrived at 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' overlooking the same in its whole breadth and extent, and fully commanding, on the other hand, all of 'the vast inland stretched beyond the sight' that *could* be commanded by any body. Well: there was 'a good time.' After dinner, when we were enjoying our *patès de pomme et pompon*, with old cheese of



an approved flavor, and wine and walnuts, Captain Du B —, of the yacht aforesaid, remarked, in answer to a proffer of cheese, that he did not affect the article at all, but that he had a little daughter who was so excessively fond of it, that on one occasion she ate a pound 'at one sitting.' 'It is not at all surprising,' quoth Mr. SPARROWGRASS, 'that a *skipper's* daughter should be fond of cheese!' (*Prolonged laughter and applause.*) - - - Our scholarly correspondent, 'Meister KARL,' who understands 'twenty living and forty dead languages,' sends us the following ballad, which he has translated from the Illyrian:

## Ballad.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ILLYRIAN.\*

BY MEISTER KARL.

## NARODNE PĚSME.

DĚVOJKA sĕdi kraj mora,  
 Pak sama sebi govori:  
 'Ah! mili Bože i dragi,  
 Ima l' što šire od mora?  
 Ima l' što duže od polja?  
 Ima l' što berže od konja?  
 Ima l' što sladje od meda?  
 Ima l' što draže od brata?'  
 Govori riba iz vode:  
 'Dĕvojko, luda budalo!  
 Šire je nebo od mora,  
 Duže more od polja,  
 Berže su oči od konja,  
 Sladji je šećer od meda  
 Draži je dragi od brata.'

## POPULAR SONG.

A MAIDEN sits beside the sea,  
 And to herself thus speaketh she:  
 'Ah! me! thou LORD, so dear and good,  
 Is there aught broader than the flood?  
 Or longer than the grassy mead?  
 Or swifter than the frightened steed?  
 Or sweeter than the honey-comb?  
 Or dearer than my brother at home?'  
 Up from the water spoke a fish:  
 'O maiden, pretty fool!' saith he,  
 'The heaven is broader than the sea;  
 The sea is longer than the mead,  
 Thine eyes are swifter than a steed;  
 Sugar is sweeter than the comb,  
 And a lover dearer than aught at home.'

\* THE South-Slavonian language, says FRÖLICH, has two names, that of the Illyrian and Serbian. It is essentially the same language, whether spoken in Herzegovina, Bosnia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Croatia, Servia, or South-Hungary. The above translation of an Illyrian ballad is curious, as greatly resembling one or two specimens of Old English 'accumulative poetry.'

Who has not, at some solemn moment of his life, looked at his hand when writing, or at his limbs outstretched before the glowing grate, or at his face in the glass, and not called to mind the awful inquiry of the poet:

‘And *must* this body die,  
This mortal frame decay;  
And *must* these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?’

Yes: death is the law and the lot of nature; yet what we call death is but a passport to life. Bishop WHATELY, in his new work on the future state has some beautiful thoughts upon the resurrection from the dead: ‘A wound received in childhood bears the scar, although every atom of its flesh has long since been resolved into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the brawny arm of the man? The *substance* of the infant and of the man is the same. Is it not, then, this *substantial* body which is raised to incorruption? Take the case of an infant dying three days old; does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born lame be lame also in the resurrection? Or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the *substantial*, and not the *accidental* body. It shall be a spiritual, and not a natural body, an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. We shall arise in His likeness.’ - - - MR. JOHN LANDIS has addressed us from Indianapolis, Indiana, another ‘*Letter to this Mighty Nation*,’ with ‘Card for Patronage, and Defence contre-Libels, and Sentimental and National poetry.’ That many-headed delinquent, ‘THE PUBLIC,’ he says, owes him ‘for pictures which he has painted on national themes, but which have not been purchased: VAN BUREN Recalled, only \$5000, (seventeen feet by twelve;) WASHINGTON at Devotion, eight by nine feet, (together, same year ’40) finished.’ These and other large pictures, fully *equal*, as we understand from good judges, to these great works in ‘high-art’—for in height and breadth Mr. LANDIS’s ‘*sheffloovers*’ are seldom equalled, and *in their kind* never excelled—are now for sale, and Mr. LANDIS wants the money for them. Have we a single reader of these pages, among the lovers of ‘high-art,’ who does n’t ‘*wish he may get it?*’ Probably not; unless they are hard-hearted, envious rivals. - - - WE have heard of a great many laughable mistakes and ludicrous transpositions, made by actors upon the stage, such as ‘forks upon the fretful quillcopine’ in HAMLET, and ‘Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough,’ in RICHARD the Third, and the like: but we can recall nothing more ridiculous than the transposition made by a western actor, in the furor of rendering the awful curse in LEAR:

‘—THAT she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent’s thanks it is  
To have a toothless child!’

There was very little sympathy manifested for poor old LEAR after this blunder. BURTON once amused us with some most laughable ‘experi-

ences' in this kind. - - - A 'RIGHTE pleasaunte season' had we, on a late lovely October day, in a ride with a genial friend to the *Rockland County Fair*, at New-City, a small but pretty place, in a fertile plain, surrounded, in all the soft, hazy distance by lofty hills, chief among which, on the north and east, loomed up the 'Hook Mountain' and 'High Torn,' which look down upon the majestic Hudson. It was a regular old-fashioned country fair, reminding one (aside from the long tent, filled with a goodly show of rich agricultural productions) of the 'General Trainings' of our boyhood's days. A group of graceful and self-possessed lady-riders contended for the premiums for the best horsemanship: and thus ended the first day. On the second, prizes were awarded. We hear that the decisions were generally approved. - - - If you hear any body boasting *overmuch* about 'big apples,' reader, please mention a present just received from a cordial friend in Stillwater, Saratoga county, 'M. T. S.,' (an umqwhile travelling-companion of ours, in pleasant western journeyings,) one 'specimen' of which, a 'Pound Greening,' measured *fifteen inches in circumference*, and *very near five inches across!* There was nothing *like* such a 'sample,' as we are credibly informed, seen at the late State Fair at Elmira. Why, fourteen such specimens would entirely fill a bushel-basket! We thought we had seen *apples* before — but this caps the climax of our experience in this kind of fruit. THANKS! - - - PROFESSOR HANNIBAL's last lecture is upon '*Electricity*.' As usual, he begins at the beginning. He says: 'De fuss question I ax am: 'What *am* Electricity?' — and I answer mysef, like de eko in de hills, 'No body knows.' Some say dat electricity am 'de lightning ob human thought;' and dat's jist about as clear as dey deal it out to us ignorant darkies.' But he cites *one* illustration of 'de tex,' which seems conclusive: 'Sposen you see a silver dollar laying on de pavement, lookin you full in de face whar some body drop it, would you stand and consider long before you pick it up? Your sourcastic smile answers, 'No.' Well, den, what make you grab it up and drop it in your pocket as if it was hot, and makes you turn de fuss corner you come to? Why, electricity, if I kno any thing 'bout it!' - - - WE very much wish the pressman wouldn't break off our types, particularly when they are initials of a proper name. The boozy sketch in our 'Editor's Table' of last month should have had the letters 'H. P. L.' attached to it, instead of 'P. L.' Meister HEINRICH, or HENRY P. LELAND, brother of 'Meister KARL' (*par nobile fratrum*) was the man: and he writes '*The Malcontent*,' elsewhere, also. Speaking of Meister KARL: his book of sketches is nearly out, and *when* out, our readers shall hear of it. It will achieve a wide popularity. Mark the prediction, and see if we are not 'near the mark.' - - - OUR readers will be glad to learn, that our pages will continue to be frequently enlivened with the favors of Mr. SPARROWGRASS, *alias* Mr. RICHARD HAYWARDE. Pleasant reading we can venture to promise our friends by the winter-fire over their apples and cider, or their wine, and 'wal,' hickory, butter, and other nuts. - - - A CHOICE and we think 'well-selected assortment' of '*Little People's Gossip*' awaits insertion in our next number, together with other deferred communications, in prose and verse, from correspondents old and new, brief notices of new publications, etc.

## New Publications, Art-Notices, &amp;c.

\* \* We beg the indulgence of our friends the publishers, and numerous correspondents. Every month, many pages, containing brief reviews of new publications, short communications from correspondents, and notices of metropolitan attractions and novelties of various kinds, musical, artistic, and other, are *unavoidably* postponed. But for all there shall be 'a season.'

THE success of Mademoiselle RACHEL was by many considered very problematical on her first appearance in our city. The style of the French drama and acting is so entirely different from that in vogue here, the absence of all violent stage action it was thought would fail to satisfy our theatre-goers. When to this was added what we consider a capital error in the management in putting the prices of admission exorbitantly high, it was not a matter of surprise that they had for some time to perform to very slender houses. The reduction of price (which we think ought to be still lower) has brought more to go, and we are glad to see that they have been pleased, and thus led to go again and again. We consider it a token of a refined taste in our people that the quiet, spirit-like representations of RACHEL are appreciated by those to whom the style is entirely new. We are glad also to know that the performances of this most gifted actress will give a new and extensive addition to our knowledge of the French language and literature. If this company will take the Academy of Music (as has been reported they are to do on their return to our city,) and put the price at one dollar and fifty cents for the best places, we should feel safe in saying they might perform here three months with more profit than they will receive in any other city in the United States. But Mr. FELIX has yet to learn, that in America at least, liberality on the part of managers is the surest way to success. It was nothing but the want of this in *one* who ought to have known better, that sent GRISI and MARIO with such speedy disappointment from our shores.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC opened, as announced, on the first of October, with an excellent company, and Madame LAGRANGE as *prima donna*. The state of the weather, and the fact that RACHEL appeared on the same evenings at the Metropolitan, prevented as large an attendance as the excellent performance of 'TROVATORE' and other favorite operas would ordinarily have secured. We look forward to a very successful season at this magnificent house as soon as the causes abovementioned have ceased to operate. Mr. PAINE spares no expense or pains to gratify the public, and the operas of the 'PROPHET,' the 'HUGUENOTS,' and 'L'ETOILE DU NORD,' which are shortly to be produced, cannot fail to attract the lovers of this refined amusement. We have been much gratified at the favorable reception Miss HENSLER has received, and are certain she will grow rapidly in the favor of our citizens.

THE new American opera of 'RIP VAN WINKLE,' founded on IRVING's well-known story of that name, has been performed almost steadily for one month at NIBLO's. The music is by Mr. GEORGE F. BRISTOW, and the words by J. H. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., whose contributions, both in prose and poetry, in this Magazine, will no doubt be remembered by very many of our readers. A notice of this opera is necessarily postponed until our next number, but the public verdict in its favor is unequivocal, and we doubt not entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

MR. C. L. ELLIOTT, the eminent portrait-painter, has returned to town, and 'resumed his palette and pencils' at his old studio in the Art-Union Buildings. His facile hand has not been without exercise during the summer, nor 'forgot the cunning' of his beautiful art. Mr. ELLIOTT has executed, during his absence, commissions for distinguished male and female heads, in Rhode Island and Central New-York. Private report and the public journals chronicle his accustomed marked success.

MESSRS. LEAVITT AND ALLEN, Number 27 Dey-street, New-York, publish a variety of beautiful annuals and gift-books, among which we notice the 'BOOK OF BEAUTY,' a royal octavo, in beautiful binding and elegantly illustrated. Also, 'LEAFLETS OF MEMORY,' an illuminated annual for 1856, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated. Their list of annuals will be found in our advertising sheet, to which the reader is referred.